

15
1058052

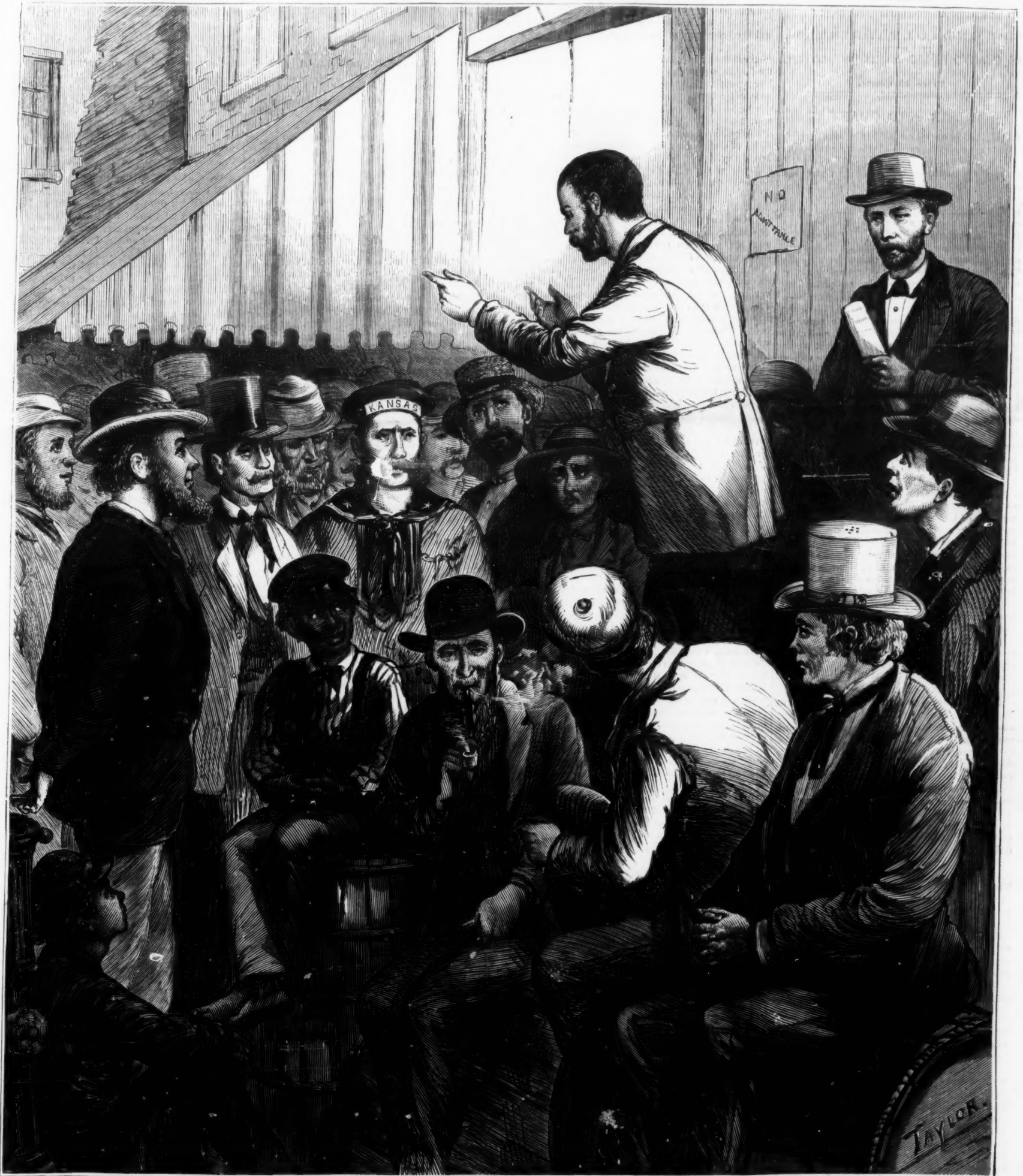
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by FRANK LESLIE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

No. 936—Vol. XXXVI.]

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 6, 1873.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]



NEW YORK CITY.—STREET CHARACTERS—A SUNDAY TEMPERANCE LECTURER HOLDING FORTH TO A GROUP OF WAYFARERS ALONG THE EAST RIVER FRONT.
SEE PAGE 411.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
657 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.
NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 6, 1873.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One copy one year, or 52 numbers - - \$4.00
One copy six months, or 26 numbers - - 2.00
One copy for thirteen weeks - - - - 1.00

CLUB TERMS.

Five copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address, \$20, with extra copy to person getting up club.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established illustrated newspaper in America.

Early in September,

WILL BE PUBLISHED THE FIRST NUMBER OF

FRANK LESLIE'S
Boys of America.

SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED.

SPLENDIDLY PRINTED.

64 QUARTO PAGES—HANDSOME COVER.

Price 15 Cents.

CÆSAR AND GRANT.

THE article on "Grant's Third Term," which we printed several weeks ago, has been quoted, under the head of "Cæsarism," extensively throughout the country, and has appeared at length in English and French journals. It is, however, just to say that the idea to which we in that article gave strong expression, though a popular one, was the journalistic conception of the *Herald*, and the gossip of Newspaper Row says that it was the doing of James Gordon Bennett, from Paris. The *Herald* has the credit of attending at the birth of the discussion of Cæsarism, and we desire only to be known for whatever blue, bright light we may have thrown upon the cradle of the infant monster. We recur to the subject, because the little whisper of criticism which was heard when we first wrote about it has swollen into a thunderous storm. By the Administration journals the subject has been touched lightly, and pooch-pooched. We believe that they are honest, and that in their love of party they do not clearly see the danger of a movement for the perpetuation of power in one very common, hard, unpatriotic man. We shall try to do General Grant no injustice; but shall only inquire what circumstances led Bennett to name the popular idea "Cæsarism."

History teaches us that Julius Cæsar, in his early years, was quick to learn; but it is written of General Grant, that in his early years he cared nothing for learning, and that at West Point he did not stand very well in his class. Indeed, Grant may be said to be a man without learning; and so far it is preposterous to compare him with Cæsar, who has left us a work in literature which is studied in colleges the world over, and which has been a model of style for many great writers. General Grant's writings are ungrammatical.

Cæsar had a lively imagination, while Grant is cold, stolid, beefy and dull-minded. He has the one faculty of setting his jaws to a purpose—nothing more. Here again the comparison with Cæsar fails.

Cæsar was an orator before the Senate of Rome; Grant's speeches before the people are singularly destitute of respectability and common sense.

Cæsar was affable and generous; Grant is dogged and sullen in his demeanor. While in the army, he was never able to excite the enthusiasm of his soldiers; and his mercenary disposition has been bitterly criticised by his own followers. We remember to have heard Wendell Phillips say that he wanted another term in order to make another million of dollars.

While he was Consul, Cæsar restrained the unconstitutional powers of the Roman Senate. The only memorable actions of General Grant, in respect to the American Senate, are those in which he asked that body to outrage the Constitution for presidential purposes.

Cæsar procured the passage of a law for the distribution of lands among the poorer classes. Grant has done nothing that has shown his love of the people.

Cæsar is said to have been the most perfect gentleman of his day; Shakespeare calls him

"The foremost man of all this world."

There is no record showing that General Grant has any claim to be considered a Cæsar in his breeding.

No one can say that Grant has genius; and we are sure that Cæsar had. Next to Napoleon, the Roman general was the most brilliant warrior the world ever saw. Grant's victories were won by a dogged determination not to know when disaster came; and though he was whipped several times during the march through the Wilderness, he never knew it; and he became victor in the end only by force of numbers and the strength of his arms. Was there anything brilliant in that? The victory is with the thousands of brave men who

stood like a Chinese Wall between the Confederacy and their loved land.

Shall we then find no excuse for calling the movement to keep Grant in power Cæsarism? Only in this: the people loved Cæsar, and were willing to place his statue among the statues of the gods. The Republican Party does not love Grant, but it appears willing to give him the power that the Romans gave to Cæsar. Further than that, the comparison becomes ridiculous. Even in that there is a bitter contrast. Cæsarism was the soaring of the eagle; Grantism is the instinct of the crow.

THE POLITICAL PARASITES IN THE SENATE.

THE Senate of the United States, from being one of the foremost legislative bodies in the world, has become weaker even than a board of aldermen in a provincial city. There are still a few strong men in the chairs of that gaudy chamber; there are some honest and some respectable men Senators in Congress, but as a whole it is weak to the point of imbecility. The South and the new West have mostly contributed to this condition of things; the former through the tyranny of carpet-bag rule and the ignorance of negro legislators, the latter partly because a new State naturally has not the best material at command. New England, the Middle States, the Mississippi Valley and the Northwest are also responsible for some weak and many bad men. In ten or fifteen years the degradation has become so striking that it would be easy to pick out at random a body of seventy-four men possessing more of the attributes of statesmen from the surging crowds in Broadway.

Let us make a little closer inspection of this honorable body. We must begin, of course, with Virginia, the Mother of Presidents. The Republicans have one Senator, Mr. Lewis, and the Conservatives the other, Mr. Johnson. The latter is weak, but respectable; the former, a man of no parts whatever, trained to the breeding of horses, but entirely ignorant of the making of laws. South Carolina, until recently, was represented in part by Mr. Sawyer, at present Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, a man who was only a schoolmaster, and not a very accomplished schoolmaster at best. His original profession was in every way respectable, but, as he had no qualifications for anything beyond it, he should have stuck to it. His successor, Mr. Patterson, a man whom nobody knows, is charged with obtaining his seat by purchase. Mr. Spencer, of Georgia, was formerly a manufacturer of mixed drinks and a dispenser of plain liquids. So far as his usefulness in the Senate is concerned, he has only changed places at the bar. Mr. Ames, of Mississippi, who is the son-in-law of General Butler, is a mere nonentity; he counts for nothing except in the list of ayes and noes. Mr. Kellogg, of Louisiana, has only retired to usurp the office of Governor. Flannagan, of Texas, is a laughing stock with everybody on account of his ignorance and self-conceit. This is only a partial list even of the very weak men from the South, but it is long enough to show the degeneracy of the Senate.

A glance at the list of Senators from the States between the Mississippi River and the Pacific reveals a state of facts equally lamentable. There is something ludicrous in the idea that either Nye or Tipton should ever have been a Senator. The new Senator from Oregon does not even know his own name—it was Hipple once, but now he thinks it is Mitchell! But what shall we think of poor, bleeding, regenerated Kansas, which sent two Senators to Congress charged with bribery, one being unseated, and the other escaping only by the expiration of his term to be caught in the act in his effort to secure a re-election? Surely this list is long enough, if the new Senators, of whom we have yet had no opportunity to judge, are at all like the old.

Yet these are the men who decide upon the fitness of foreign Ministers and the Chief Justice of the United States! Their assent—that is, the assent of the Senate, and their assent only—is required to consummate treaties with other powers. They sit with closed doors, and the nation is compelled to accept their secret judgments as final. Both in and out of the Senate they mold parties and politics. Gentlemen endure their society because of their office and their political influence. Good people, not acquainted with the ways of Washington and the intellectual worth of these men, think them worthy of respect; and there is no hope that the Senate is to be freed from these political parasites for years to come. They are a lot upon whom it is the duty of every American citizen to make unceasing war. If they cannot be kept out, they may at least be driven out of the Senate, as Caldwell was driven out last Winter. Reform in this matter can only be achieved by punishing them for their crimes; and in most cases it is not difficult to discover and lay bare their manifold offenses.

THE CULTIVATION OF DRUG CLERKS.

THE cultivation and development of the gentle drug clerk promises at last to become one of the popular amusements of the day. There can be no doubt that this purely ornamental feature of modern life may

with attention be made really harmless if not entirely useful. The proposition of a wealthy widower in Chicago, whose wife was torn from his bosom by the playful inadvertence of a soda-water boy in a fashionable drug store, to found a prize to be awarded to the dispenser of medicines who shall possess with the elements of a common education the common elements of discretion, has drawn attention to the natural resources of this unworked field. Why may not the boys who dispense soda-water with fluent innocence have their sphere of usefulness enlarged by stimulating inducements to the dispensing of more necessary and more deadly poisons? Some years ago Dr. Ogden Doremus and a few other specialists of this city conceived the not altogether fanciful idea that car-driving and drug-dispensing were not interchangeable occupations, and they agitated the subject of drug-clerk cultivation with commendable earnestness for several months. Their investigations brought to light a great many curious facts in the natural history of the drug clerk. He was found to be an overworked, underpaid incompetent, exhibiting under examination about as much pharmaceutical knowledge as a comic almanac. Examples of his dispensing skill were produced, and the careless prodigality with which he disseminated arsenic to the human race when they asked him for magnesia, and added oxalic acid to the mild expectations of the indisposed, created the most profound admiration. He really went through his narrow life a hero in spite of incompetency, wearing good clothes on a poor salary, and, notwithstanding his responsibility, his poverty and his unending duties, keeping up a smiling countenance and scattering the pharmacopeia as he journeyed. It was found, indeed, that many of these death-dealing persons possessed abilities which in other walks of life would have won for them distinction and a competence. There was one whose talents as a wheelwright were said to be pre-eminent, and another had shown something like the divine spark of genius in cleaning kid gloves. All of them were a little shaky in their Latin, but all of them could sell a tooth-brush or put up chewing-gum with the fascinating grace of Apollo himself. It was upon the basis of these moral qualities, rather than upon the absence of all technical knowledge, that the Examining Commission sought to operate on the development of the modern drug clerk. But we are sorry to say that little, if anything, was ever done to make the culture a popular one. Recently the achievement of a provincial dispenser, who served out the spirits instead of the water of camphor to a debilitated infant, with supreme disregard of the prescribing physician, seems to have reopened the eyes of the public to the vast possibilities which are in these fellows. The man who can draw a draft of speedy death with the same lofty unconcern that accompanies his oblation of the grateful and innocuous soda, appears to be worthy of more attention than society has yet bestowed upon him. An age given to positive material triumphs may find in these negative moral victories something that law, if not science, may proudly deal with. And so, if the thing goes on, the cultivation of drug clerks may in time become more obligatory, if not as fashionable, as was once the cultivation of tulips.

LITERATURE AND JOURNALISM.

AN exchange paper, whose heading does not come to us with its pleasant notice of our journal, makes a distinction between the merits of journalism and literature. While the distinction is made in our favor, it seems to us that the relations between journalism and literature cannot be too close. The best journalism should be represented by the best writing; and it may not be preposterous to predict that a century hence the current writings of the foremost nations of the world will be found only in text-books and newspapers.

Journalistic enterprise, as we have seen it in the newspaper life of Frederick Hudson, is one thing; journalistic literature, as we have seen it in the columns written by Bryant, Marble and Congdon, is another thing; but that man is a leader who can both plan enterprises and elegantly execute them. For instance, the *Sun*, with only Dana's zeal for news, might have circulated widely, but it would not have been a power without Dana's formidable leaders. There have been lulling times in newspaperdom when the *World* was enthusiastically sustained by the brilliancy of its writing. The country will never be able wholly to estimate the value that the pens of its cultured staff, inspired by its manager, have always given to the columns of the *Tribune*. The best journalists of America are also the best writers; and no paper can succeed unless it is presented in attractive language. Mere mechanical force in journalism is great in its way, but it is not great without the aid of literary skill. The bugle-maker may be a very worthy person, but we still have greater respect for the man who makes the music.

SLANG is not to be commended at any time, and yet it would seem pardonable had the American Engineers who hoisted our flag on the 4th of last July at the loftiest peak of the Cordilleras exclaimed, in a burst of patriotic fervor, "How's this for high!"

ABOUT OURSELVES.

"FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.—The pages of general news show judicious selection with admirable condensation, and present a record of the interesting events in all quarters of the world. A source of strength with FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, equal, if not superior, to its manifold demonstrations of enterprise, is its sympathy with the popular temper of the day. It is critical. It is hostile to the entrenched corruptions of a party too long in power. It is independent. It holds the place of leadership which was held by a rival pictorial journal in former battles for reform."—*Journal of Commerce, Milwaukee.*

"THERE are Republican papers which profess to see no danger in the eligibility of a President to re-election for an unlimited number of terms. Prominent among these is *Harper's Weekly*, whose brilliant editor was driven out of the Government service, compelled to resign because of pure self-respect, by Grant's infidelity to the Civil Service rules which he had pledged himself to support. This position has recently been taken by *Harper's* because of a desire to antagonize its great pictorial rival, FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, which has fearlessly espoused the cause of the people and of pure Democracy. Nothing can now prevent a settlement of the great question. The practical effect of the agitation will be to compel Grant to accept the issue by becoming a candidate for a third term, or, by refusing, to encourage Congress and the States to incorporate the One-Term Principle in the Constitution. It has become, as we predicted it would, the grand question of the times."—*Wilkes' Spirit of the Times.*

DOWN BRAKES!—Under the title "Causes of Paralysis," FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER for this week publishes a thoughtful and sensible article, a portion of which we extract below. The fact that two successive Vice-Presidents of the country have suffered from strokes of paralysis, both of whom are rigid teetotalers, is at once an evidence that excessive indulgence in alcoholic drinks is not the principal cause of the increasing prevalence of such ailments, and a startling indication of how common they are among men who are subject to severe and continued mental strain. It is proper that the newspapers should turn aside occasionally from discussions of politics and business matters to arouse such of their readers as are living too fast against the folly and danger of doing so. The warnings may not often be heeded. Men seldom dread an evil which they have never experienced. But if the brain-workers of all kinds, including the restless, overtasked merchants, manufacturers, bankers, etc., can only be induced to step out of the rush and whirl of business long enough to take an account of their mental stock and vitality, and note whether they have lost or gained as compared with a year or five years ago, a definite good will have been accomplished. The man who finds himself drawing upon his reserved vital force from day to day—who no longer enjoys refreshing sleep or sound digestion—needs to hold up. He is going too fast, and is discounting drafts on his future energies at a rate which may prove ruinous."—*Forney's Philadelphia Press.*

EDITORIAL TOPICS.

A MAN in Camden, New Jersey, has become very rich by raising water-melons alone. He is a water-melonaire.

SENATOR HARLAN has not displayed the character of a Christian statesman in defending the salary steal. Even Judas, under the influence of remorse, threw away his ill-gotten thirty pieces of silver.

THE Hon. Edward Twissleton's new book, "The Tongue not Essential to Speech," supplies a want long felt. What could be more delicate wooing than making a present of a copy to one's mother-in-law?

BRIGHAM YOUNG is justly censured for having so many wives; but is there not some extenuating circumstance in the courage of the man for voluntarily becoming son-in-law to seventeen different women?

THE editor of the Philadelphia *Star* remembers when splendid beef was a "flip" a pound in that charming city. The editor of the *Star* is almost a centenarian, and that is the reason he can remember so long ago.

THE English Government is raising a regiment exclusively for tiger-hunting in India. Did international law allow it, New York would be a splendid place to recruit for this regiment, for we have some brave tiger-fighters in this good city.

AFFAIRS in France have undergone but little change during the past week. The Count de Chambord still stands before the people pointing to the "lilies of France," but those who are up in French politics consider his pretensions of very Lilliputian dimensions.

It was a funny but very natural mistake of the foreign gentleman who last Winter went to Tony Pastor's, in expectation of hearing Italian opera. He thought he heard it called Toni Pasta's Opera House. We can imagine his astonishment when the opera commenced.

THE *Saturday Review* is particularly severe upon the "early riser," and refers to him as the possessor of but a minor virtue. In this country it is generally the early rye, sir, that fetches people from their pallets—for their palates' benefit—at unseemly hours, and not a desire to insure that legendary worm.

GEORGE P. ROWE, of the New York *Times*, and George T. Keiller, of the Brooklyn *Union*, were drowned while bathing at Centre Moriches, L. I.,

on Tuesday morning, August 19th. The latter lost his life in endeavoring to save that of his brother. Both men were well known in newspaper circles, and were journalists of much promise. The Press Clubs of New York and Brooklyn took appropriate action upon their loss.

The difference between Richard III. and our worthy Chief Magistrate is that Richard, on one occasion, was quite willing to swap his kingdom for a horse, and the President seems quite willing, on all occasions, to give up the reins of government for the pleasures of the road.

Last week, when the telegraph brought word that a man in Iowa was cured of a venomous snake-bite by drinking a quart of whisky, there was much enthusiasm among the advocates of moderate drinking. A few days afterwards, though, when news came that the same individual had died of *delirium tremens*, the enthusiasm was not so exuberant.

A REPUBLICAN politician in Indiana thought it would be a good thing to join the Grangers; so he invited two of the prominent members to visit him, and managed to be discovered cutting grass with a scythe, to show the farmers how dearly he loved agriculture. But he did not know as much about the use of the scythe as was good for him, and the result is, that he cannot join the Grangers until he leaves his room, and that will be impossible before the gash in the calf of his leg heals.

AS THE most exhaustive history of Julius Caesar fails to establish that he liked a good cigar, it is not easy to see how General Grant is going to give us his celebrated imitation of the Roman warrior unless he throws away the beloved weed. In that case the country is safe; he would throw away the sceptre sooner. This would give him an opportunity for the display of that dormant wit he is known to possess, since he might very readily say, "Avaunt, Ambition! I wouldn't give a Fig-aro for an Empire."

SOMEbody in the newspapers asserts that bald-headed men are rarely drunkards. We are neither prepared nor inclined to dispute the statement, but we cannot help being anxious to know the cause of this phenomenon. Can it be possible that the attraction liquor has for some people is capillary attraction, or is it that the drinkers of Bourbon are killed by it before they get old enough to become bald? To a mind with causality large, as the phrenologists say, the subject is full of interest. But then, perhaps, the statement is not true.

A good boy in Boston—all boys are good in Boston—was sent to the bank with a check for fifty dollars. After he drew the money, and was on his way back, he met a man—not a native of Boston, evidently—who told the good boy that his employer wished him to get twenty-five of the fifty. Unsuspicious because he was good, the youth handed over two tens and a five, only to learn when he returned to the store that the man was a swindler. But he hunted until he found the deceitful man, and had him arrested and put in prison. And this good boy was rewarded for his energy by recovering all of the twenty-five dollars except fifteen cents, which amount, although a suspicious sum, we hope was spent only for ginger-beer, for we believe they sell nothing stronger in Boston.

WATTERSON, LESLIE, AND THE PRESS.

(From the Anglo-American Times.)

MR. HENRY WATTERSON, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, confirms the assertion now become the set belief of Americans, that the newspaper Press of the United States is far superior to the newspaper Press of England. In noticing the remarks of the *Courier-Journal*, from the pen of the editor while in London, FRANK LESLIE says that Mr. Waterson failed to study the provincial Press of England—"the tendency of which is very much the same as that of the provincial Press in America. The Press of New York is exerting itself to retain its old national circulation; but instead of gaining, it is becoming circumscribed and local." Naming the leading organs outside of New York, and the growing influence of journals in minor cities, FRANK LESLIE does not wonder that the New York Press is losing national circulation as fast as the Press of London. But what either loses nationally, it redeems locally, and having greater strength at home than abroad, it will supply the better newspapers. Through a certain system of intercommunication, too, though they lose their national circulation, they by no means lose their national power, for the opinions of the metropolitan journals are reproduced, and their enterprise utilized. These remarks appear to us to be just. But again we see it brought as a charge by an American journal against the city of Philadelphia, "which, though not so very short of the population of New York, has not got a real, full-blown daily newspaper." That is the assertion to which expression was given in a leading article: and if taken up in Philadelphia might cause a furious controversy, just as might Mr. Waterson's critique on the London *Times*, if it attracted any attention in England, though the *Times* itself never alludes, even in the most remote way, to such attacks. There is no small measure of truth in what the *Courier-Journal* says, and the *Times* has often furnished matter for surprise to the sub-editors of the leading provincial newspapers of Great Britain.

ENGLISH VIEW OF THE GRANGERS.

THE *Saturday Review*, of London, the leading journal of political opinion in England, has an article on the farmers' movement in the West, of which we reproduce the essential part. It says: "The farmers in some of the Western States, having become dissatisfied with the railway rates on corn, have determined to redress the grievance by summary and effective means. In Illinois they have elected judges pledged to decide suits with railways in accordance with the interests of their constituents, and they have also returned a legislature favorable to their views. The first result of the agitation is an Act against the demand of any but a fair and reasonable rate, including a pro-

hibition of discriminating rates, especially when they result from competition. It is evident that an arbitrary alteration in the conditions on which a railway is conducted may amount to a confiscation of property. The Act appears not to provide any test of the fairness or reasonableness of the charges which it purports to regulate, but popular opinion inclines to a tariff estimated to produce ordinary interest on the supposed cost of the railway. The only moral objection to the scheme is that it is a retrospective alteration of a contract by one of the parties to the detriment of the other. Precautions against excessive rates ought to have been taken when the different Railway Bills were passed by the local Legislature, and not after capitalists have been tempted to expend their money on advantageous terms. There is no reason why any State should not invite Companies to make railways on condition that they shall receive three or two or one per cent. on their outlay in case of success, and that they shall, as at present, incur the risk of possible failure. It is true that such an invitation would not be accepted, but if the State Government failed to procure the construction of public works, it would have the satisfaction of a conscience void of offence. The Western farmers will experience a similar result whenever they happen to require an extension of the railway system. No speculator will engage in a doubtful enterprise unless he sees some chance of a more than ordinary profit. Sanguine projectors may rely on a future increase of trade and population to pay them for ventures which must in the first instance be unremunerative; but if the probability of hostile legislation is added to their perils, they will look for investments in other quarters. For the injustice of their policy the farmers have some excuse. When governing bodies are known to be open for hire or for sale, the bargain is necessarily concluded with the wealthiest and most liberal customer. Railway Companies have, as the most powerful corporations in many States, practiced almost every kind of commercial and political corruption. They have bought up State Legislatures by wholesale, and the directors have in some instances grossly defrauded their own shareholders. There may perhaps be a presumption that the Companies attempt to recoup themselves for illegitimate expenditure by extravagant tariffs, and judges who are elected for the purpose of giving judgments against railways are by one degree more respectable than judges who are returned by the Companies. The large tracts of land which have in many instances been granted to railways cause natural dissatisfaction; and in many cases the opponents of the Companies are probably sincere in their belief that they are acting for the public good. Nevertheless it is absurd to expect that railways will be made in new countries except on terms which are sufficient to cover a wide margin of uncertainty. The total return of railways in America as in England scarcely exceeds the ordinary rate of interest; and the largest receipts are of course obtained in the settled parts of the country."

AUSTRO-HUNGARY, RUSSIA AND TURKEY.

A CURIOUS article on the relations of Austro-Hungary with Russia and Turkey appears in the Vienna *Tagblatt*. "People are taking a great deal of trouble at Constantinople," it says, "to conceal their discontent at the policy of Austro-Hungary. The Sultan, who some months ago announced in the most positive manner his intention of paying a visit to Vienna, now brings forward his fear of the cholera as a ground for not keeping his promise. It is pretty well known in political circles, however, that when the news arrived at Constantinople of the reception at Vienna of the Vladika of Montenegro, the Hospodar of Roumania, and the Prime Minister of Servia, Abdul Aziz could not suppress one of those angry outbursts which usually come upon him when his wishes or designs are thwarted. From that moment his plan of visiting the Exhibition was abandoned.

"Nor is it forgotten that the Khédive of Egypt, who also had an idea of coming to Vienna, has suddenly changed his mind. Ismail Pasha is an experienced courtier, and as he is above all things anxious to be on good terms with the Sultan in order to insure the success of his plans, he declines to visit the Exhibition as ostentatiously as the Sultan himself. For notwithstanding all the concessions which he has induced the Sultan to make, he still wants the Arabian province of Yemen, which his great ancestor Mehemet Ali was obliged to cede to the Porte after his unfortunate campaign against Turkey in 1841.

"If the object of the Russian diplomatists in approaching Austria with such eager professions of friendship was to awaken a profound mistrust of our Eastern policy at Constantinople, it must be admitted that this object has been fully attained. Our influence with Turkey was of course not increased by the good-will which we showed at every opportunity towards her vassals, and a cordial understanding with Russia was only too apt to mislead the Turks as to our real intentions. The proposed journey of the Emperor Francis Joseph to St. Petersburg, which is certainly an unmistakable sign of the reconciliation between the two Courts, must naturally be regarded in that light at Constantinople as elsewhere. It certainly seems that the Pan Slavist propaganda, whose headquarters have hitherto been at Moscow, is now at an end, and those rebellious elements in our country which are opposed to the integrity of the State will thereby lose all the support which they have derived from the idea of a great Russo-Slavonic Empire. But the ways of Russian policy are often tortuous. It is undoubtedly our interest that the Pan Slavist propaganda should be suppressed, but the question whether this one success is sufficient to compensate for the evil consequences which may follow from our change of front in the East has still to be considered. The Emperor's journey to St. Petersburg is of course a pre-eminently peaceful symptom, at least for the immediate future; but it may be well to remind Count Andrassy, now that he has ventured on the difficult, and to him quite unknown,

ground of Russian politics, of the words of Goethe: 'Let each man see where he is, and let him who stands see that he do not fall.'"

HOW COAL WAS MADE.

COAL, as we shall find, is composed of the mineralized remains of the vegetation which flourished in remote ages of the world. Buried under an enormous thickness of rocks, they have been preserved to our days, after being modified in their inward nature and in their external aspect. Having lost a number of their elementary constituents, they have become transformed into a species of carbon, impregnated with those bituminous or tarry substances which are the ordinary products of the slow decomposition of organic matter.

Thus coal, which supplies our manufactories and our furnaces, which is the fundamental agent of our productive and economical industry—the coal which warms our houses and furnishes the gas which lights our streets and dwellings—is the substance of the plants which formed the forests, the vegetation and the marshes of the ancient world at a period too distant for human chronology to denote with anything like precision. We shall not agree with some persons, who believe that all in nature was made with reference to man, and who thus form for themselves a very imperfect idea of the immensity of creation. Nor shall we say that the vegetables of the ancient world have lived and multiplied only, some day, to prepare for man the agents of his economic and industrial occupations.

Let us pause for a moment, and consider the general character which belonged to our planet during the carboniferous period. Excessive heat and extreme humidity were then the attributes of its atmosphere. The modern allies of the species which formed its vegetation are now only found under the burning latitudes of the tropics; and the enormous dimensions in which we find them in the fossil state prove, on the other hand, that the atmosphere was saturated with moisture. Dr. Livingstone, who has in our days made such important observations on the interior of Africa, tells us that continual rains, added to intense heat, are the climatic characteristics of Equatorial Africa, where the vigorous and tufted vegetation flourishes which is so delightful to the eye.

It is a remarkable circumstance that this elevated temperature, combined with constant humidity, does not seem to have been limited to any one part of the globe; the heat seems to have been nearly the same in all latitudes. From the equatorial region up to Melville Island, in the Arctic Ocean, where in our day eternal frost prevails—from Spitzbergen to the centre of Africa, the carboniferous flora is identically the same. When nearly the same fossils are found in Greenland and Guinea, when the same species, now extinct, are met with under the same degree of development at the equator as at the pole, we cannot but admit that at this epoch the temperature of the globe was alike everywhere. What we now call climate was then unknown in geological times. There seems to have been but one climate over the whole globe. It was only at a later period, that is, in tertiary times, owing to the gradual cooling of the globe, that the cold began to make itself felt at the terrestrial poles. Whence, then, proceeds this uniformity of temperature which we now regard with so much surprise? It was a consequence of the excessive heat of the globe. The earth was still so hot in itself that its own innate temperature rendered the heat which reached it from the sun superfluous and inappreciable.

Another circumstance, which is established with much less certainty than the preceding, relates to the chemical composition of the air during the carboniferous period. Seeing the enormous mass of vegetation which then covered the globe, and extended from one pole to the other; considering, also, the great proportion of carbon and hydrogen which exists in the bituminous matter of coal, it has been thought, and not without reason, that the atmosphere of the period would be richer in carbonic acid than the atmosphere of the present day. It has even been thought that the small number (especially of air-breathing) animals, which then lived might be accounted for by the presence of a greater proportion of carbonic acid gas in the atmosphere than is the case in our own times. This, however, is pure assumption, totally deficient in proof. Nothing proves that the atmosphere of the period in question was richer in carbonic acid than is the case now. Since we are only able then to offer vague conjectures on this subject, we cannot profess with any confidence to entertain the opinion that the atmospheric air of the carboniferous period contained more carbonic acid gas than that which we now breathe. What we can remark, with certainty, as a striking characteristic of the vegetation of the globe during this phase of its history, was the prodigious development which it assumed. The ferns, which in our days and in our climate are most commonly only small perennial plants, in the carboniferous age sometimes presented themselves under a lofty form and port.

Every one knows those marsh-plants with hollow, channelled and articulated cylindrical stems; whose joints are furnished with a membranous, denticulated sheath, and which bear the vulgar name of "mares-tail;" their fructification forming a sort of catkin composed of many rings of scales, carrying on their lower surface sacs full of spores or seeds. These humble *equiseta* were represented during the coal-period by herbaceous trees, immense varieties of asparagus, as it were, of from twenty to thirty feet high, and four to six inches in diameter. Their trunks channelled longitudinally, and divided transversely by lines of articulation, have been preserved to us; they bear the name of *calamites*.

Nothing at the present day can convey to us an idea of the prodigious and immense extent of never-changing verdure which clothed the earth, from pole to pole, under a burning temperature which everywhere prevailed over the whole terrestrial globe.

How this vegetation, so imposing both on account of the dimensions of the individual trees and

the immense space which they occupied, so fantastic in its form, and yet so simple in its organization, must have differed from that which now embellishes the earth and charms our eyes! It certainly had the privilege of size and rapid growth; but how poor it was in species! how uniform in appearance! No flowers yet adorned the foliage or varied the tints of the forest. Eternal verdure clothed the branches of the ferns, the lycopods and *equiseta*, which composed, to a great extent, the vegetation of the age. The forests presented an innumerable collection of individuals, but very few species, and all belonging to lower types of vegetation; no fruit appears, fit for nourishment; none would appear to have been on the branches. Suffice it to say that no terrestrial animals seem to have existed yet; animal life was confined to the sea, the vegetable kingdom exclusively occupied the land, which at a later period only was inhabited by air-breathing animals. Probably, only a few winged insects (some coleoptera, orthoptera, and neuroptera,) gave animation to the air, while exhibiting their variegated colors.

VIEWS OF THE SALT LAKE REGION.

A LONG, steep canyon, nine or ten miles in length, with fringe of verdure and beek of water running through it—the verdure feeding cattle, the water working mills—opens a way from Mountain Dell into the Salt Lake Basin, which we come upon suddenly, and by a sort of surprise, on turning a projecting mountain ledge.

The scene now in front of us, from whatever point of view it may be taken, is one of the half-dozen pure and perfect landscapes which the earth can show. No wonder that the poor emigrant from a Liverpool cellar, from a Blackwall slum, exalted, as his vision must be, with religious fervor, and by sharp privation, looks down upon it as a terrestrial Paradise.

Lying at the foot of these snowy ranges of the Wasatch Mountains spreads the great plain, far away into the unseen vistas of the north; the whole expanse of valley filled with a golden haze of surprising richness, the effect of a tropical sunshine streaming over fields sown thick with sun-flowers, like an English field with buttercups, and over multitudinous lakelets, pools and streams; to the left soar into the clouds and curl round the Great Salt Lake a chain of mountains, which the Indians call Oquirrh. In our front lies the sparkling city, the New Jerusalem, in its bowers of trees; beyond that city flows the Jordan, bearing the fresh waters of Utah through the plains into Salt Lake, which darkens and cools the great valley, with its amplitudes of blue. From the lake itself, which is a hundred miles broad, a hundred and fifty miles long, spring two islands, purple and mountainous—Antelope Island (now called Church Island) and Stansbury Island—while on either side, and beyond the blue waters of the lake itself, run chains of irregular and picturesque heights, the barren sierras of Utah and Nevada.

The air is soft and sweet; southern in its odor, northern in its freshness. Cool winds come down from the Wasatch peaks, in which drifts of snow and frozen pools lie all through the Summer months. So clear is the atmosphere, that Black Rock, on the Salt Lake, twenty-five miles distant, seems but a few hundred yards in our front, and crests which stand sixty miles apart appear to our sight as though they were peaks of a single range.

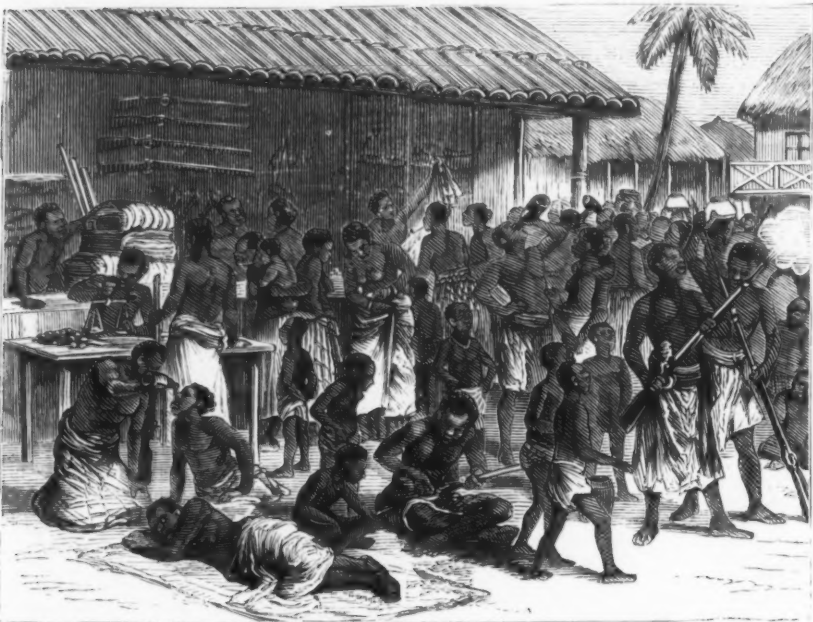
Lower down in the valley the golden haze steepens everything in its own delicious light. The city appears to be one vast park or garden, in which you count innumerable masses of dark green trees, with a white kiosk, a chapel, a court-house, sprinkled about it here and there. Above it, on a bank of higher land, is the camp—a cluster of white tents and shanties—from which a Gentile government watches suspiciously the doings of men in this city of the Saints. But the camp itself adds picture to the scene—a bar of color to the landscape of yellow, white and green.

A dream of the night, helped by a rush of water from the hillside (not larger than the Xenil, which gave life to Granada, and changed the barren vega into a garden,) fixed the site of the New Jerusalem. Brigham Young tells me, that when coming over the mountains, in search of a new home for his people, he saw, in the vision of the night, an angel standing on a conical hill, pointing to a spot of ground on which the new Temple must be built. Coming down into this basin of Salt Lake, he first sought for the cone which he had seen in his dream; and when he found it, he noticed a stream of fresh hill-water flowing at its base, which he called the City Creek. Elder George Smith, and a few of the pioneers, led this creek through and through a patch of likely soil, into which they then stuck potatoes; and having planted these bulbs, they took a few steps northward, marked out the Temple site, and drew a great square line about it. The square block, ten acres in extent, is the heart of the city, the Mormon holy place, the harem of this young Jerusalem of the West.

The site of the new city was laid between the two great lakes—Utah Lake and Salt Lake—like the town of Interlachen between Brienz and Thun—though the distances here are much greater, the two inland seas of Utah being real seas when compared against the two charming lakelets in the Bernese Alps. A river now called the Jordan flows from Utah into Salt Lake; but it skirts the town only, and, lying low down in the valley, is useless, as yet, for irrigation. Young has a plan for constructing a canal from Utah Lake to the city, by way of the lower benches of the Wasatch chain; a plan which will cost much money, and fertilize enormous sweeps of barren soil. If Salt Lake is left to extend itself in peace, the canal will soon be dug; and the bench, now covered with stones, with sand, and a little wild sage, will be changed into vineyards and gardens.

The city, which covers, we are told, three thousand acres of land, between the mountains and the river, is laid out in blocks of ten acres each. Each block is divided into lots of one acre and a quarter, this quantity of land being considered enough for an ordinary cottage and garden.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 411.



AFRICA.—ASHANTEES BUYING MUSKETS WITH GOLD DUST AT ASSINEE.



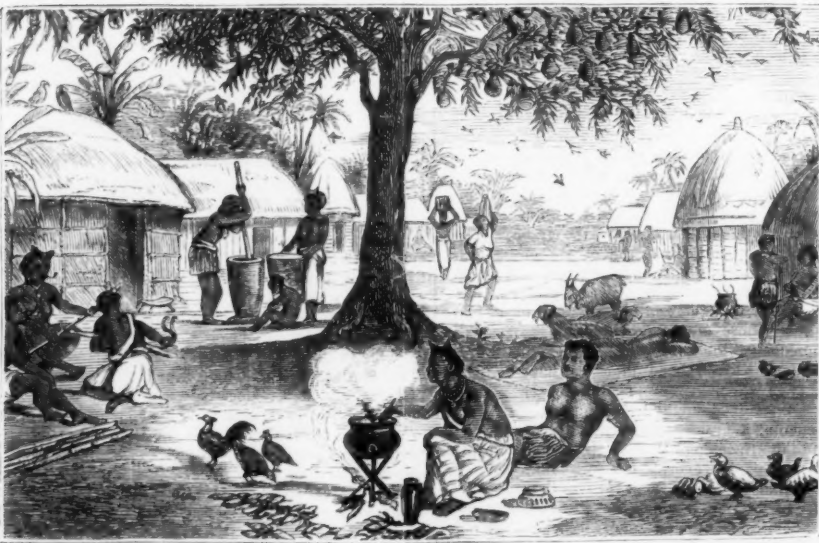
SKETCHES IN ROME.—ARTISTS CHOOSING A MODEL ON THE STEPS OF THE TRINITA DE' MONTI.



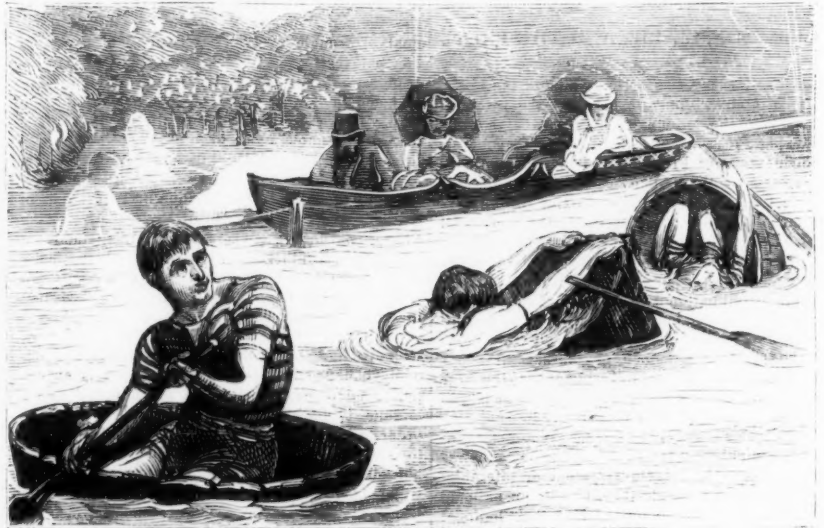
PILGRIMAGES IN FRANCE.—DEPARTURE FROM A PROVINCIAL STATION OF "SACRED HEART" PILGRIMS FOR LOURDES.



SPAIN.—THE HARBOR OF CARTAGENA, WHILE IN POSSESSION OF THE INSURGENTS.



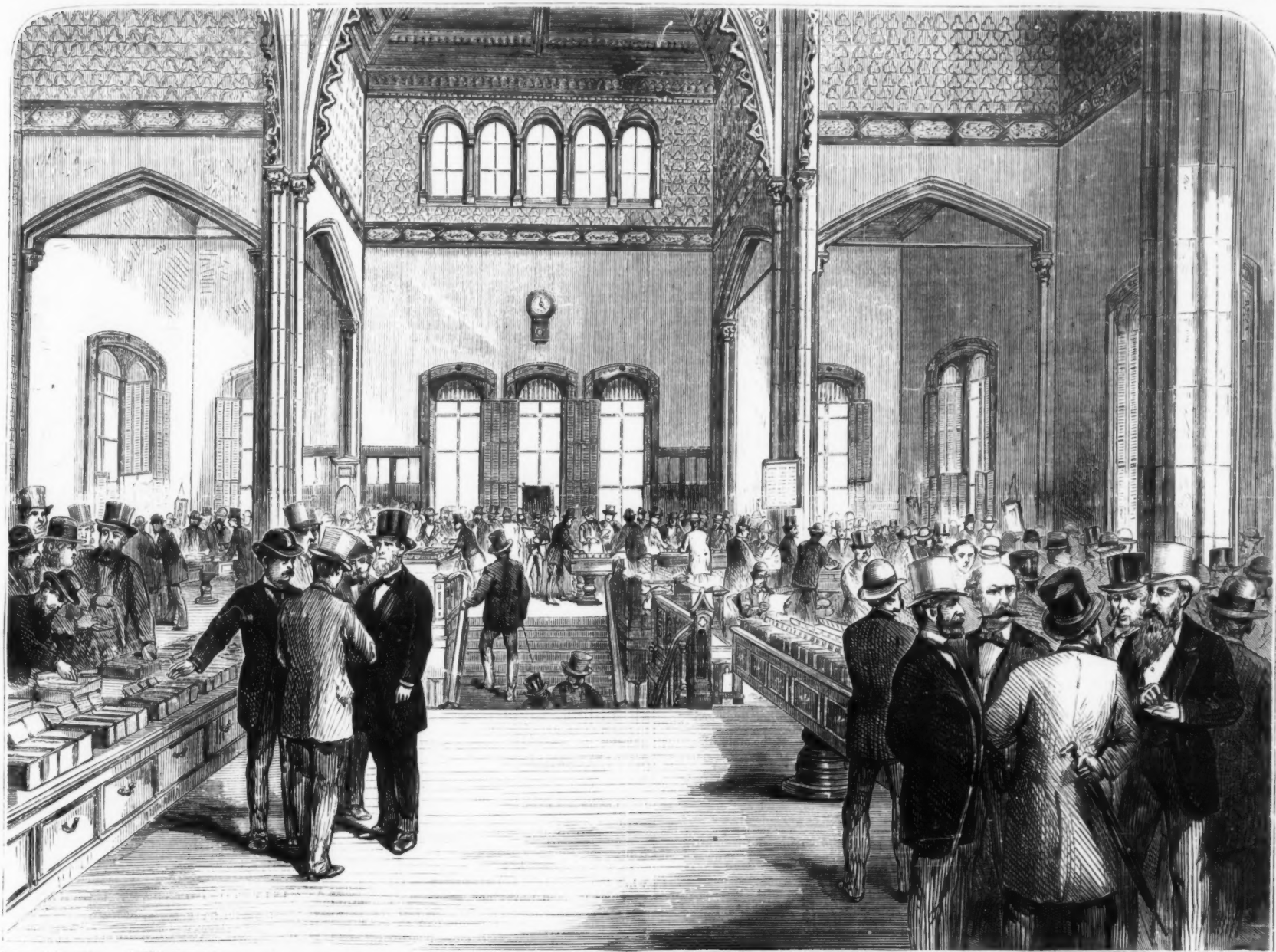
AFRICA.—AN ASHANTEE VILLAGE.



ENGLAND.—THE LONDON SWIMMING-CLUB CONTESTS—THE TUB-RACE.



ENGLAND.—THE LONDON SWIMMING-CLUB CONTEST AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE TEA-DRINKING.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE PRODUCE EXCHANGE ON WHITEHALL STREET—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE GRAIN-ROOM.—SEE PAGE 414.



NEW YORK CITY.—ARRIVAL OF MENNONITE EMIGRANTS, A RELIGIOUS SECT EXPELLED FROM RUSSIA AND SEEKING A REFUGE IN IAKOTA, AMERICA.—A SCENE ON A HAMBURG STEAMER ON THE HUDSON RIVER.
SEE PAGE 411.

THE BIRTH OF THE DAMASK ROSE.

ROSE of Damascus—rose of all—
Queen of the roses of the world!
The only flower that ere his fall
Adam thought fit to pluck for Eve,
As once she lay in slumber curled,
And he, though half afraid to speak,
Said, "Lovely being, by your leave,
Your husband gives you this—and this;"
Then laid a rose upon her cheek—
A damask rose, and kiss.

The rose before was not so red,
But Eve awoke. And such a blush,
With her smile mingling, overspread
Her face, that instantly the flower
Felt through its veins new coloring rush,
Till every petal showed the stain!
And so, in midsummer's best hour,
Upon July's most radiant morn,
The queen of all the rosy train,
The damask rose was born!

OUT OF BONDAGE.

"FAIR as the floral goddess herself!" Agnes Haviland dropped the wreath of clover-blossoms she was weaving, and looked up, to see a dark, handsome face smiling down upon her.

"Mr. Lorillard!" extending her hand in frank welcome, while a bright flush rose to her cheek. "How in the world did you happen in this out-of-the-way place?"

"I did not happen, I came," a little accent on the verb, as he stooped to pick up the wreath which lay in the grass at her feet. "What a beautiful scene!"

And so in truth it was. The soft, mild air of Spring, freighted with the rich odors of apple-blossoms and meadow-flowers; the sky an intense blue, with here and there a great white cloud drifting over its face; the mountains in the distance, their heads wrapped in a hazy mist, which veiled the horizon; the river winding like a thread of silver through banks of emerald and fringed with alders and willows—it was all in perfect keeping, even to the song of the oriole, as he swung to and fro in the long, waving branches of the old elm by the orchard-wall.

A bird, swooping down suddenly into the branches overhead, showered a fragrant drift of snowy apple-blossoms on Agnes's uncovered head.

"Agnes," murmured Victor Lorillard, as he gently brushed the fragrant petals from her bronze-brown curls, "can you not guess what has brought me here?"

One swift, questioning glance from her brown eyes, and then the snowy lids drooped again, and the flush grew brighter in each crimson cheek.

"I tried to paint," continued Victor, as he sought to read her shy, averted gaze, "but my fingers had forgotten their art. Whenever I sat down at the painting I was to finish for the Academy, another face came between me and the canvas—a sweet face, with a rare smile on the innocent lips, and tender, brooding eyes—a face that is dearer and fairer to me than all the world beside. Look up, Agnes, and tell me that my love is not in vain."

She lifted her eyes—those tender, wistful eyes—to his face, and Victor was satisfied. In their expression he read the sweet answer, that her lips could not frame in words, and the sun shone, and the birds sang a blessing on the lovers' betrothal.

They sat there till the sun sank in the crimson west, and the night-wind began to moan fitfully in the old elm tree.

"Good-night, my Agnes," said Victor, when they rose from the rustic seat where they had been sitting; "I must be back to the city to-night. Next week I shall be down again. Till then, good-by." He pressed her hand to his lips, and tenderly parted the brown curls from her pure white brow. "Yours is a sweet and innocent face, my darling," he said, fondly. "God grant no word or deed of mine may ever mar its childish beauty, or write thereon one trace of care or pain."

"I trust you in all things, Victor," replied Agnes, and with a fervent blessing and a second "good-night," he vaulted over the low stone wall, and strode down the lawn, where Black Richard pawed the ground in impatient waiting for his master. Victor mounted and rode swiftly away, without seeing a form that crouched down by the wall only a few feet from where he had parted from Agnes.

When he had passed, the stooping figure rose to a standing posture, and a dark, angry face, a woman's face, with evil eyes and a mocking smile, looked after him in the gloaming.

"The falcon soars high," she muttered between her white teeth, "but I can bring him down with a word. The snare is set, but the hour is not yet come. I bide my time, Victor Lorillard."

Agnes came slowly down the road, swinging her straw hat in her hand, and as she came opposite where the woman stood in the shadow of the wall, the fast-fading light in the western sky illuminated her face till it shone as radiantly fair as the sweet face of some pictured saint encircled with a halo. Its beauty and innocence touched the better feelings of the woman who watched her, and she came forward and made a motion as if to detain her.

"Something for my fatherless children, miss," she pleaded, assuming a beggar's whine; "three down with the fever, and not a bite of bread in the house."

The face of Agnes beamed with tender pity and compassion as she put her purse in the outstretched hand.

"I wish it was more, for your sake," she said, in her gentle tones; "yours must be a hard lot in life."

The woman made no reply, but started off in an opposite direction, at an eager pace, and when out of sight of Agnes, sat down, panting like some fierce animal.

"Fool that I was to feel one moment's pity for her!" and she ground her teeth with rage.

She threw the glittering coins on the ground, and stamped them in the dust.

"Why should I tell her," she said, fiercely, "his love carries a curse with it? Let her suffer as well as me;" and she started off at a rapid pace towards the city.

Great was the family pride of the Havilands. To be a Haviland, to farm the Haviland acres, to sit in the Haviland pew and be laid in the Haviland vault, was the height of Adam Haviland's ambition. Great, therefore, was his consternation when his sister, Mrs. Cameron, with whom Agnes was spending the winter, wrote home of Agnes's many conquests, and hinted that the greatest of these was likely to be the handsome and popular artist, Victor Lorillard.

"A cursed beggarly set," he wrote in reply. "I am surprised at you, Elsie, for permitting anything of the kind. No daughter of a Haviland ever so degraded herself as to marry an artist, and I hope

it will not be mine who sets the example. Break up the affair immediately."

Mrs. Cameron smiled. She had outgrown many of the Haviland notions of caste, and contact with the world had rubbed off much of the peculiar Haviland pride.

To her the fervent, manly young artist, Victor Lorillard, who had turned the heads of half the young ladies of her set, seemed a most desirable husband for her pet niece Agnes.

He had worked his way up from obscurity to fame by his talents alone, and though rather shunning society, was for that very reason courted, flattered, and adored.

"I perfectly adore a mystery," said a pert young lady to Agnes Haviland one day; "and Mr. Lorillard is such a mystery."

Agnes did not ask why. She had already been called "countryified," and "queer," and an "obscure darling," by this fast young lady, a score or more of times, for similar questions, and she determined to find out the mystery herself. So it happened that when Lorillard was in Agnes's company he often found himself the subject of earnest scrutiny from those wistful brown eyes, and at last began to find the sensation agreeable.

"Who is your friend with the Madonna face and wonderful eyes?" he asked the pert young lady one day, when they met in the art-gallery.

"That party with the brown curls?" laughed Miss Araminta. "That's Aggie Haviland, Mrs. Cameron's country niece, and the sweetest little darling that ever grew among cabbages. Come along, and I'll introduce you."

The acquaintance thus begun progressed rapidly. Agnes found the "mystery" more and more absorbing, until the subject of it grew to be the one idea round which her thoughts centred.

What terrible tragedy in the annals of the Lorillards had left its traces in those dark, unfathomable eyes?

What kingly blood had lent him that proud step and princely mien? What the experience which made him outwardly cold and stern, yet left his heart tender as a child's, pitiful as a woman's?

That he was of noble birth was currently reported and generally believed, yet he never spoke of his family, and shunned the society of his countrymen.

And attraction, sweet and irresistible, drew him towards Agnes.

Her womanly rectitude and lofty aims, her childish innocence and trust, wove a charm about her subtle and powerful, and Victor Lorillard, who had sworn faith in womankind, and looked upon the sex as a beautiful, dangerous snarl, found himself believing in and paying homage to this country-born beauty, who had never been a hundred miles from her father's farm.

"She is as far above me as the stars, this little American girl," he muttered to himself one day as he bent over his easel. "What, then? One may worship the stars, I suppose? This I know, were my loathed fetters broken, and I a free man, I would sacrifice my right hand for the privilege of telling her how dear she has become to me."

There came a day when temptation overcame his scruples, and he rode from the city with his mad, hopeless love surging up in his heart, drowning all compunctions of honor and conscience.

Straight on, recklessly he rode, looking neither to the right nor left, and when at last he came to the Haviland Farm, and saw Agnes sitting in the old orchard, he cleared the low stone wall at a single bound, and standing beside her, read in her flushed cheek and averted, bashful eyes the story of her innocent love.

What passed in that interview we have already seen. Would that the story could end here; would there were no darker shadows in the picture we have drawn.

But there was an enemy on their track, cunning, tireless, relentless—a woman whose evil eyes and sneering lips but faintly represented the demon in her heart.

"She shall never marry you, sir!" and old Adam Haviland brought his cane down with a peremptory thump that gave emphasis to his words. "A daughter of a Haviland marry a foreigner? Never!"

"May I ask if that is your only objection?" said Victor, pale with suppressed anger, but determined to keep his temper within control.

"No, sir; I despise your profession and all relating to it. Artist, indeed! A vicious, beggarly craft, whose best virtues are smoking, and painting low, shameless women whom it would be an insult even to name in the hearing of my daughter. Agnes shall never so disgrace herself as to marry such a man."

"Sir," said Lorillard, humbly, "I am not what I could wish, God knows, but I offer your daughter the first love of a true and honest heart, unstained by any such vices as you hint of; and no evil thought or wish could live for a moment in her pure presence."

The depth of his feelings, which betrayed itself in his whitening lips and the trembling of his voice, touched even the hard, stubborn heart of Adam Haviland.

"I am sorry for you," he said, in the quietest tones of which his harsh voice was capable, "truly sorry; but I can only repeat what I have already said; you can never marry Agnes."

So he believed. But that night, when the stern old man slept, there was a little group standing at the gate, and Mrs. Haviland, a sad-eyed woman, on whose patient face the traces of Adam Haviland's temper were written in lines of care, clasped her daughter to her bosom, and pressed tearful kisses on her pale young face.

"Be kind to her, Victor," she sobbed; "she is loving and gentle, and harshness and cruelty would break her heart;" and she pressed a last passionate kiss upon her darling's lips.

"May God so deal with me at the judgment as I with her," answered Victor, solemnly, as he lifted her to the carriage which was waiting.

Was the oath recorded on high?

Victor Lorillard sat in his studio. All around were scattered the creations of his brush and pencil, rare gems, whose beauty enraptured connoisseurs, and pointed the malicious comments of envious critics.

Those who knew him best said that of late a new inspiration seemed given him.

Love lent to the conceptions of his genius a fire and fervor that had before been wanting, and supplied the one lacking charm to his pictures.

In every picture you could see some expression or feature of his beautiful wife.

Here, from the pictured face of a Madonna, the eyes of Agnes looked out with their wondrous sweetness and tenderness; there, a child-like dimpled face, with the fine curve of Agnes's lips and Agnes's rare smile.

He was at work on a landscape, a country scene, with blue hills in the distance, a river winding in and out between willow-fringed banks, and an orchard with a low-stone wall surrounding it.

A long, low cottage, with the figures of a man and woman standing at the gate, and the smile on

his face deepened as he rapidly retouched the harsh outlines of one of them, which you could not fail to recognize as the face of Adam Haviland.

"That is his grim face to perfection," he said to himself. "I wonder if I could contrive to make the old fellow smile? It would please Agnes, poor child, longing as she does for a glimpse of the home-faces."

A shadow fell across his canvas.

He turned, to see the malicious sneer of a face from whose mocking smile he had fled years ago—the face of Louise Lorillard.

A deadly faintness overcame him at the sight; his brush dropped from his hand.

There was an agony written on his white face as he turned towards her, which she marked with gloating eyes.

She came forward, and glanced curiously at his work.

"That elm should stand a little more to the right," she carelessly criticised. "You used to be more exact."

"Fiend, demon!"

"Don't call names. Should any one chance to hear, they would know at once that a man never speaks thus to any one except his wife."

His white lips parted, but no sound came forth; he was absolutely incapable of speech.

"Just there, by that angle in the wall, I stood and watched you, when you parted from her in the May twilight, and I planned my revenge then."

She paused; but, as he made no reply, she went on:

"A word to her or her father then would have saved her; but I waited till you had made her your wife"—a sneering emphasis on the last word—"and now I am here."

"Oh, my innocent darling!" groaned Victor; "to think that I should have placed you in the power of this cruel wretch!"

"Be less complimentary in your epithets," sneered Louise, "or I may lose my temper, my love. The consequences might be unpleasant, for bigamy is an ugly word, and the law makes no allowance for the temptation of such a baby-faced saint as your Agnes. I am come to take you with me. My uncle is dead at last, and the money and title mine now. I would not think of entering upon possession without you, my love. Fancy being the husband of the rich Countess Rocheville!"

Victor stared at her with a look of hapless misery more touching than any words.

"Will money—" he began.

"My dear, I am rolling in riches. All I want is your devotion to make me entirely happy. A steamer sails to-day; we will take a passage, and seek the sunny shores of *la belle France*. The Chateau Rocheville waits for its mistress, and I am in haste to be gone. Each moment spent here but adds to my impatience, and I hope you will be speedy in your preparations."

"I must see Agnes."

"Certainly, if you wish, but only in my presence. What! shall I seek my Victor for years, only to lose him at last? The idea is absurd, love. If you go, your loving Louise will accompany you."

Victor groaned.

"Where is the end of one sin?" he said; "where is the end of one sin?"

He had fled from the incarnate demon long since, when but a boy in years. He had placed thousands of miles of blue waves and stretching continent and vast forests between himself and the face whose false smiles and wary lures had inveigled the boy into a loathsome and hated marriage; and when, recklessly abjuring the chains which bound him, he had begun to dream of happiness, lo! here were his fetters clanking in his ears, and he must wear them to his life's end.

Louise stood in the doorway, beckoning him on. He cast a lingering look around the walls, but they dwelt longest on the pictured face of Agnes, smiling down at him from its niche over a marble Clytie.

Then he turned to the baleful eyes and sneering lips of her who stood in the doorway.

"It shall go hard with me but I cheat you after all," he muttered; then aloud, "I am in your power, beautiful devil—lead on."

Night at the Theatre Imperiale.

Behind the scenes there is the usual amount of hurry, bustle and gossip, and the orchestra are tuning their instruments preparatory to the grand overture.

The manager, in agonies of apprehension as to the success of his opera, which is to be produced to-night for the first time, walks hurriedly from stage to green-room, criticising everything which comes under his notice.

The prima-donna, ready for her part, sits in a listless attitude, scarcely conscious of the noise and chatter which goes on about her.

Proud and reserved, she keeps aloof from her companions, between whom and herself there is no congeniality of taste or feeling. The Haviland pride is not entirely obliterated even by years of contact with care and sorrow, and she walks among her associates—among them, but not of them.

"*La belle Americaine* is in a most ungracious mood to-night," said one of the ballet to a companion, who was touching up her cheeks with carmine, and adding the last strokes to a pair of very jetty eyebrows. "It cannot be that she is afraid of failure?"

"Bah! She is afraid of nothing; her composure is a miracle to us inferior artists. And do you know, I fancy she is a little wrong here?"

She tapped her forehead significantly.

"Possible?" answered the other, carelessly. "Well, you need entertain no fears; where one has neither heart nor brain there is not the slightest danger," and she ended with an ill-natured laugh.

"How clever you are, to be sure!" laughed the first speaker, not a whit disconcerted. "We shall see the famous Rocheville diamonds to-night, the countess has taken a season ticket, and they say her jewels are the finest collection in Europe; how madame does dress, to be sure; but, then, she can afford it."

"What a devoted husband she must have!" remarked her companion. "They say he never allows her out of his sight."

"Jealous, more likely," was the response; and just then the ringing of the bell announced the rising of the curtain.

The first act was over, when a little stir was created by the entrance of a gentleman with a lady on his arm, robed in a dress of costly magnificence, and radiant with jewels. A tiara of diamonds gleamed like stars in the midnight blackness of her hair, and an opera-cloak of rich white velvet dropped carelessly from her shoulders, and trailed on the floor as she swept along with the step of an empress.

The man had the restless, furtive look of one trying to escape from his keepers—such a look as some of the patients of a madhouse had which I once visited.

The free, proud step and kingly bearing were gone, and one would scarcely recognize the handsome artist, Victor Lorillard, in the attendant of this haughty lady, who created such a sensation as they slowly made their way to their box.

And yet it is he. Night and day his keeper never loses sight of him, the gleam of her piercing eyes ever upon him, and the smile he has learned to fear upon her lips.

Does he seek the retirement of his chamber, a stout *valet de chambre* guards his door. Does he attire himself for a walk, the ubiquitous Thomas is at his side to carry an umbrella for fear it may rain.

Any attempt to escape will, he knows, be punished with exposure, and he cannot thus throw away the last chance of some time meeting Agnes.

In short, so devoted is madame, that in all the years that have dragged their slow-tortured hours along he has not taken a step or drawn a breath unfettered or unwatched.

"You are nervous, love," said the countess, playfully tapping his arm with her jeweled fan; "what has happened to you?"

"It is the suffocating sensation I have felt around my heart so much of late," he replied, with an effort.

"You should be more careful, you should, indeed," the lady said, with tender concern.

The second act began; the clear, warbling voice of the prima-donna rose amid the silence of that vast multitude, and swelled into a passionate, pleading wail, that was like the utterance of a soul in the deepest agonies.

With the last note upon her lips, she cast her eyes upward to the box of the Countess Rocheville.

Her song ceased, the yearning, tender eyes grew dim, she stood with outstretched arms, still as if turned to stone.

The audience applauded, her attitude was perfection; the tenor, impatient to begin, grew embarrassed, and Victor, his eyes fastened upon hers, felt a deadly faintness creeping over him.

His memory went back to the days he had passed with Agnes. He saw the old orchard with its wealth of Summer bloom, and heard the song of the oriole, as he swung in the plume-like swaying branches of the old elm.

The light glimmered before his eyes; he thought it was the shadow shimmering over the brown curls of his darling as the wind swept the apple-boughs above their heads.

The eager hum of excited voices came to his dull ears like the hum of bees on the clover-blossoms, as they did on that sweet Summer day so long ago, when in the wistful brown eyes he read the soul of his Agnes.

In that long, yearning gaze their souls met; he moved his lips with an inarticulate cry, and fell forward: the soul of Victor Lorillard was out of bondage.

They were buried in one coffin, for the countess was persistent, and set all opposition at defiance.

"It was meet and fitting that it should be so," she said, and that was all the explanation she would give.

When the coffin was about to be closed she came forward and laid something upon their hands, which she had joined in a close, endearing clasp.

It was a faded wreath of clover-blossoms.

INCIDENTS OF TRAVEL.

A VISIT TO POTSDAM, GERMANY.

I LEFT Berlin for Potsdam at 8 A.M. My guide round the palaces was a man who called himself the late King's barber, who had served him in that capacity for twenty-one years, and had from time to time shaved the chins of nearly all the sovereigns in Europe. He was at present, however, out of employ, and living on a pension, the insufficiency of which to support himself and family had driven him to the painful necessity of acting as *cicerone* to all the English *milords* and *midladies*, and, he might have added, of fleeing them to the utmost extent of his abilities. Everybody is aware of the kind of understanding that exists between the guides and the servants one is obliged to fee; the palaces at Potsdam are but so many nests of them. But if you would avoid something of this, ascertain, before selecting from the host of guides that present themselves on your arrival at the railway station, which is the late royal barber, and then shun him. He is the most obsequious, honey-mouthed old time-server I ever had the misfortune to employ; and piece by piece, before you know what you are about, he has drawn all the loose cash out of your pockets for the benefit of himself, and the numerous gardeners and domestics with whom he is in league. To do him justice, however, he is a most entertaining old fellow, with a fund of anecdote in the day's round that would fill a volume; my caution, therefore, is only to those who do not care to throw away nearly ten dollars in petty fees.

The weather was lovely, and I announced my intention to his serene tonsorship of doing the whole round on foot; and it is probable that his frequent demands on my purse were but a just retribution for my disregard of his poor old legs. Be that as it may, after escaping with some little difficulty from a troop of disappointed *droshky* men, we set forward briskly upon the long day's task before us—nine palaces to be seen in a circuit of fifteen or sixteen miles; it was really an awful undertaking; but of some of them I will merely content myself with a mere mention.

The Charlottenhof, the Neues Palais, the Marble Palace, and Sans Souci, all lie within the boundary of one enormous park. The first of these is a villa with summer-houses, baths, and pretty gardens attached, all in the style of the Pompeian houses. In the baths are the King's billiard-table, a beautiful group in marble of Hermann and Dorothea, and Frederick the Great's wooden chair. The Neues Palais (now the Summer residence of the Crown-Prince—who has lately so grandly distinguished himself—and Princess Royal Victoria) is a heavy brick building, erected by Frederick II., at the end of the Seven Years' War, "by way of bravado, to show his enemies that his finances were not exhausted." At least, so says "Murray;" but the royal barber, who seemed to take great pleasure in contradicting "Murray," declared it was out of spite to three ladies of the court, who taunted him with his empty purse, statues of whom, in revenge, he had placed in ridiculous attitudes on the top of the palace. The only attraction here is the monument of Queen Louise, by Rauch, the result of fifteen years' labor at Berlin. It is far more highly finished than his other famous work on the same subject executed at Rome, and, if possible, the expression of the face is still more lovely. The artist repeated it for his own pleasure, without any command from his royal master; but when the King had seen it, he seemed so overcome by its touching faithfulness that Rauch at once presented it to him.

At a very short distance from the Neues Palais, and connected with it by a long, broad avenue, is the famous palace of Sans Souci, that earthly paradise of the Great Frederick. It is a low and by no means handsome building, with a broad terrace stretched along the front; from this descends a flight of narrower terraces, reaching to the main level of the gardens. These last are laid out in the stiff French style—alleys bordered by tall, close-

clipped hedges, statues, fountains, and several flower-beds of the most fantastic shape. In fact, little has been altered from the condition in which the whimsical taste of Frederick left it. At one end of the upper terrace, beneath shady trees, are the graves of his favorite dogs. This, of all spots in his grounds, was the one he most loved; and here, of a Summer's afternoon, he would sit for hours together in his armchair and play with his dogs. It was near here that the eccentric monarch desired to be buried, but his wishes in this respect were not complied with.

In a small building detached from the palace is the picture-gallery, which is not likely to detain a visitor many minutes, and then you pass on to the new orangery, a gigantic conservatory, built chiefly of stone, and capable of giving shelter to eight hundred orange trees. Not far from this is a handsome belvedere—there are many of them scattered about the park—from which a charming view is obtained of the surrounding country, and the numerous palaces, gardens and ornamental waters of the immediate neighborhood.

Another pretty feature in the landscape is the River Havel, which here grows very broad, and forms itself into several lakes, studded with charming little green islands, and alive with the sporting of a thousand swans. On the borders of one of these fairy-like sheets of water stands the Marble Palace, erected by the father of King Frederick William II. as a Summer residence for himself and mistress. He died before its completion, and his son was so disgusted with his conduct that he would not finish it, but left it for a future monarch. I did not care to inspect it, but hastened on to the much more interesting palace of the present King, on the opposite side of the lake.

As we entered, the King and Crown-Prince were just coming out. The situation, on the slope of a woody hill, and overlooking the prettiest part of the lake, is one of the most enchanting imaginable. The scenery reminded me of that about Virginia Water. The exterior of the building is in the irregular castellated style, and the interior corresponds to it in the simplicity of its decorations, and in the absence of all that glitter and superabundance of ornament which, in most royal palaces, more or less, only offend taste and fatigue the eye. The furniture, generally, is of various kinds of wood, richly carved; and everywhere a refined taste and great uniformity prevail. Prince Karl, a brother of the King, has also a palace near this, and we saw him and his son with some ladies of the court in the garden.

The great Schloss in the town, containing several interesting mementoes of Frederick the Great, yet remained to be visited, but, unfortunately, when we arrived there, it was too late to gain admittance, and, indeed, I was not sorry for the loquacity of my *cicerone* was beginning to be insupportable; and this was a favorable opportunity for dismissing him. I went down and awaited at the station the arrival of the next train for Berlin.

NEW YORK STREET-PREACHING.

POSTLES of Temperance have fine fields of labor in the large cities; but it is questionable if the means too frequently adopted to secure auditors contribute to the success of the movement. Every day, clusters of men and small boys, with an occasional sprinkling of women, are seen upon busy thoroughfares, listening to or laughing at an itinerant preacher of salvation or temperance. The earnestness of the party is wholly condensed in the frame of the exhorter.

A curiosity that attracts passers-by to the man with razor-strops; the red-faced, swaggering fellow who rubs a white powder on the teeth of someurchin and crams a handful of dirty cotton into his mouth; the man with a triangular apparatus for enabling people to see over their ears; the negro who cries lustily for corned toes, that he may experiment with colored acid reduced to harmless debility; the swindler with the grab-bag filled with boxes guaranteed to contain from ten cents to five dollars each; the rattlesnake-charmer and man whose steady diet is confined to two-foot swords and burning coals; the shooting-gallery whipper-in, and a thousand and one other catch-penny concerns, lead to the gathering of the itinerant's congregation. Excited street-talk is too suggestive of swindling to receive any attention from people whose brains are in the right place.

Such a scene as represented upon the front page, located near the Williamsburgh ferry, on Grand Street, is too ridiculous to be efficacious. Two reformed drunkards, with long rolls of paper that may have been had from the canvasser of a city directory, but are represented as the pledge of hundreds of well-known citizens who will never touch another drop of liquor as long as life remains, singled out some loitering sailors, and bombarded them with the hottest kind of invectives. The effect of this harangue was more natural than expected. A batch of street-boys spied some beer-kegs on the sidewalk awaiting removal, and turning them on end, drained a quantity of the vile dregs; then mounting a convenient barrel near the Temperance advocate, one of them shouted: "Here's till ye, old buck!" and drank the sediment with a whoop-ya, by way of satisfaction.

No signatures were obtained, and no auditors save these boys remained longer than to be disgusted. Such demonstrations are a nuisance to the traveling public; no positive good ever resulted from them; but, as a phase of metropolitan life, they are interesting as tending to show the best way to secure a perfect failure in what might be a wholesome movement if conducted with common sense.

THE MENNONITES,

AND THEIR SETTLEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

ABOUT the end of the fifteenth century there was born at Witmarsum, a village of Friesland, a child, to whom was given the name of Menno Simons. As he increased in stature, he became imbued with the impression that he was destined to take the rank of an ecclesiastical reformer; and accordingly, in the year 1524, he had attained the distinction of a priest, and was settled at Pingjum. A contemporary of Luther, he was early convinced that pedobaptism was untenable, and renounced all connection with the Roman Catholic Church. For this he was driven into exile, and for twenty-five years he struggled valiantly with want, suffering and persecution. He founded an asylum in Holstein, and received permission to publish several religious essays on the true Christian faith. He died there on the 13th of January, 1561.

During his palmy days, he succeeded in establishing a colony of exemplary men, who favored his religious views, in Holland, where they received the name of Mennonites. As a sectarian organization, they resembled the Baptists, though some of their peculiar convictions compelled a separation from the body of recognized European Protestants. During

the eighteenth century the number of Mennonites had increased to 160,000, the colonies being augmented by emigrations from Germany and Switzerland. In 1735 they established a theological seminary, which had the effect of reconciling the Protestants to their tenets. The first

AMERICAN SETTLEMENT OF MENNONITES

occurred as near as can be computed in 1683. It is certain that in 1708 a school and meeting-house were erected by them in Germantown, Pa. In the following year another colony was established in what is now known as Lancaster County, Pa. In 1811, a secession occurred, a large party branching off from the parent body and founding the Reformed Mennonite Society. Subsequently, however, families had settled in various parts of Pennsylvania, Maryland, Ohio, Indiana, New York, and Canada.

THE MENNONITES IN RUSSIA.

From Holland many emigrated into Germany, and in 1780 fled into Russia to escape the conscription of Frederick the Great, settling in the southern provinces, upon land granted by Catharine II. Traditionally an independent people, they immediately entered upon a course of industrial labor, and became in time quite celebrated as farmers. They kept by themselves, were cautious, honest and faithful in labor.

It was evident several years ago that the Czar of Russia contemplated an emergency that would necessitate the enrollment of a vast army. An edict was published June 4th, 1871, giving all the colonists in the Empire to understand that they would be liable to military duty after a certain period. This movement gave birth to the idea of emigration to some country where their religious convictions would be more considerably respected. They entertained conscientious scruples against bearing arms or engaging in any manner of human strife. They could not renounce their faith, and but one alternative was left—emigration.

In June last they nominated a commission to proceed to this country, to learn if they could live in "free America" in the enjoyment of their old customs and traditions. Their representatives made a thorough tour of our Western and Southern States, and chose a number of eligible locations for new colonies in Dakota and Kansas.

SEEKING THE HOME OF THE FREE.

The first arrival was by the steamer *Hansa*; the second, on the 14th of August, by the *Hammerus*; and the third, on the 21st, by the *Holsatia*. A very large amount of money has thus come into the country, as it is estimated that the head of each family brought from \$2,000 to \$10,000. By the *Hansa* alone were Mennonites who exchanged over \$200,000 in gold. The last arrival, which forms the subject of our sketch, consisted of seven families, numbering fifty persons. They were all farmers, and bound for the West. Strong, healthy-looking, polite, intelligent, and peculiarly earnest, they created a very favorable impression.

The males wore caps, but no beards—a distinction closely observed in Russia. Each had a small bag swinging from a shoulder-strap. The females wore rather ungainly head-wraps. All appeared to regard the movement as one of a purely social and business character. The great grandparents of the elders had emigrated from Germany and settled in the province of Taurida, a portion of Russia made memorable by the sanguine conflicts of the Crimea.

THE RELIGIOUS TENETS

of the Mennonites ally them closely to all Protestant denominations. The term Baptist refers more particularly to a doctrine of the sect than to the members themselves. Their code of discipline is more like that of our Quakers than any other class of people. The sacrament of baptism is never celebrated until the candidate has acquired sufficient intelligence fully to comprehend the nature of the obligations about to be assumed. They choose from their own members certain ones notable for their high moral standing, their intelligence, and ability as teachers, to be their priests. For these ministers no special preparation is required. They must be pure, honest, and faithful to the teachings of Menno. They serve without pay, each member of the fraternity having at command sufficient wealth to obtain all the necessities with many of the comforts of life. Communism prevails to a certain extent among some branches that have cut adrift from the general society in Russia. The practitioners of this doctrine are not, however, recognized by the others.

THE CAUSE OF THE EMIGRATION

is found in the inability to reconcile their consciences to the order of the Czar, which is understood to be imperative. Like the Quakers, they are religiously disposed to peace, and cannot countenance any movement, either of State or Church, that involves the killing of man by man.

When the Russian authorities learned that they would never enter the army, the time of conscription was extended, but without the anticipated results. Then an attempt was made to force a renunciation of their belief, and the acceptance of the doctrines of the Russian Greek Church. This, too, failed, and nothing was left them but emigration.

As they are a conscientious, hard-working, agricultural people, they would be welcomed by any State within whose limits they decide to settle.

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

THE ASHANTEE WAR.

We present our readers with some more sketches of this remarkable war, since it shows the daring of an African tribe, unsubdued by former reverses, carrying on war against the great maritime power of England. One of our sketches represents a European factory, or store, at Assinie, a station about fifty miles westward of Cape Coast Castle. The traders' assistants are Fantes, and they sell muskets, ammunition and other commodities to the Ashantes, receiving gold-dust in exchange. It is a busy and animated scene, the firing of guns, the explosion of samples of powder on the sand, the drinking, shouting, haggling and gesticulation of the bargainers making a *loud ensemble* which beggars description. Most of the trade is carried on by means of the coast tribes, who act as brokers between the Ashantes in the interior and the Europeans on the coast. It will be remembered that it was to punish the inhabitants of Elmina for supplying the Ashantes with arms and ammunition that the city was shelled and burnt by British troops, as given in a previous number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. We also give a sketch of an Ashantee village, which speaks for itself, but as at the present time everything is of interest respecting that peculiar people, we give a condensed account of a visit paid by an English traveler to Ashantee in 1817. It will prove to all that there are some African nations still, of influence and power. Cummahee is distant from Cape Coast Castle about 100 miles, but the roads were then, as they are now, almost

impassable, and four days were consumed in traversing a forest impervious from the density of its foliage to the light of the sun. On arriving at the city, the travelers were astonished at the "grandeur and decorum which it exhibited." They found that it contained a population of 200,000 souls, and they were graciously received by the King, whom they found to be a prince "liberal in his sentiments, dignified in his deportment, and of a generous disposition." The Court was splendid, and when his Majesty appeared in state he was usually attended by 2,000 persons, and among his numerous attendants the most conspicuous was his cook, who was preceded by a heavy service of plate. The ceremony of introduction took up six hours, viz: from 2 P.M. to 8 P.M. The party was honored with a visit of the Queen-mother and the sisters of the King; they were women of dignified and affable manners, and appeared totally free from that curiosity common to the lower classes of the natives; the easy and elegant manner in which they were ushered in and out by the captain-in-waiting, might have raised a blush in many a modern European courtier.

THE INSURGENT SQUADRON IN CARTHAGENA HARBOR.

Towards the middle of last month, when Señor Pi y Margall—then at the head of the Spanish Government—resigned, having found himself unable to cope with the Federalists in the south, daily growing more and more turbulent, and the Carlists slowly but surely gaining ground in the north, the towns of Corthagena and Murcia declared themselves independent of the Madrid Government, and under General Contreras set up a separate cantonal administration. In addition, the insurgents, prompted it is said by the International, seized the five vessels-of-war then lying in Carthagena harbor, suborned the crews, appointed irreconcilable deputies as captains, and resolved to make use of the squadron to convert the neighboring seaports to intransigent views. The new Madrid President, Señor Salmeron, was a man of considerable energy, and immediately decreed these vessels, and all which should join them, pirates, authorizing foreign nations to capture them. The squadron in itself was by no means to be despised, had it been well manned. It comprised the *Almansa* (ironclad), the *Vittoria* (ironclad), the *Numancia* (ironclad), the *Tetuan* (ironclad), the *Fernando el Catolico* (wooden steam frigate), and a smaller steamer, the *Vigilante*. These vessels were sent round to the various seaports by General Contreras to incite the inhabitants to follow the example of Murcia, and set up a government for themselves, and it was when returning from such a mission that the *Vigilante* was captured by the Prussian frigate *Friedrich Karl*. The commander of the latter had already boarded the *Vittoria* for flying a strange flag—that of the Canton of Murcia—but on the obnoxious ensign being hauled down, had permitted her to go her way. The *soi-disant* captain of the *Vigilante*, however—a rebel deputy of the Cortes—stuck to his colors, and was accordingly arrested as a pirate by the German commander, and the vessel ordered to be sent to Gibraltar. The excitement caused on shore by this news was intense.

DEPARTURE FROM A PROVINCIAL STATION IN FRANCE OF PILGRIMS OF THE "SACRED HEART" FOR LOURDES.

There is something very remarkable in the composition of the French people; they are at once the most skeptical and the most religious nation on earth. Whether in politics or faith, their conduct is ruled by what is popularly known as emotional insanity. The recent revival in France of pilgrimages is a special instance of this. At the present time the Grotto of Lourdes is the most popular resort. Thousands of pilgrims visit this shrine, and drink of its miraculous water. Our illustration represents some pilgrims of the "Sacred Heart of Jesus" assembled at a provincial station prior to their departure for Lourdes. The Order of the "Sacred Heart," it may be mentioned, originated some hundred years ago in a paralyzed little girl named Marie Alacogne, who, it is said, received visits from the Virgin, and who exchanged hearts with Our Saviour.

ROME—CHOOSING MODELS ON THE STEPS OF TRINITA DE' MONTI.

Here we have one of the most characteristic features of Old Rome—the hire of models on the steps of the Trinita de' Monti, well-known for its conspicuous position above the Piazza di Spagna, as also from the fine staircase leading to the church-doors. In Rome all business appears to be transacted on steps. On some beggars solicit alms, on others relics are sold, on others again dogs are washed and shaven, while those in our engraving serve as one of the principal standing-points for the Roman models—picturesque and dirty rascals, and for the most part possessing, as a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* recently remarked, "all the ignorance without the innocence of childhood." Their dress mainly consists of a few moldy rags, the men with the inevitable mummy swathing round their legs, the women with their dusky-white headresses, black bodices and brightly-colored skirts, picturesque in their very dirt, for, despite the charming picture they make on canvas, the Roman models, male and female, are proverbial for their want of common cleanliness. The sketch represents two artists choosing a model from among a group of so-called peasants, who make a living by their *dolce far niente*. These models sit about on the steps of the Trinita de' Monti waiting for hire. "This choosing a model," writes our artist, "is rather an invidious proceeding. Often, after turning one of them about and inspecting him, the artist, finding he will not suit, goes on to another, and so on until the right cast of countenance is found, and arrangements are then made for the sittings. Sometimes, as in my sketch, the artist has a brother of the brush with him for consultation, and then a good deal of critical surveying goes on in a very amusing manner. There is a disquieting rumor that this Roman custom is to be abolished. Many an artist whose Roman pictures delighted the public at the Academy would hear the confirmation of the news with regret."

AN ASHANTEE VILLAGE.

The houses of the Ashantes are constructed of bamboo wicker-work, with a thatch of palm-leaves, rising to the height of about fifteen feet at the central ridge from eaves four feet six inches high. A woman is pounding maize in a wooden mortar, while others strip the fibre off plantain-stalks. One is cooking, while a man is sleeping on a mat under the tree. Goats and pigs, fowls and ducks, run about the place, while vultures are perched on the house-roof. To the right hand is a fetch-house, a sort of temple for their horrible worship.

THE LONDON SWIMMING CLUB AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

We give a sketch of an incident at the recent aquatic fête of the London Swimming Club on the Lower Lake of the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, near London. The tub-race, pole-walking and tea-drinking feats afforded great fun to the spectators, while the swimming in clothes, and the display of the best means of saving life, were looked upon with more serious attention. The 300-yards Handicap was contested by some forty or fifty swimmers, who plunged into the water from the edge of a boat. The swimming was good, but not graceful, taste being sacrificed to speed. The final heat was won by Mr. J. Whittle, of the North London Swimming Club. A band of music in a gayly decorated gondola played at intervals during the proceedings.

PERSONAL.

JUBAL EARLY has been elected President of the Southern Historical Society.

MISS STETSON, of Normal, Ill., has been appointed a medical missionary to India.

THE Hon. William M. Meredith, President of the Constitutional Convention of Pennsylvania, is dead.

TENNYSON'S son is to be made a baronet, the poet-laureate himself refusing all titular distinction from the Crown.

A NUMBER of the working-people of the east of London have presented Lady Burdett-Coutts with a fine oil painting.

THE Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria will visit St. Petersburg at the end of September or beginning of October.

DR. CORNELIUS A. LOGAN, United States Minister to Chili, was formally received by the President on the 27th of June last.

LORD HOUGHTON is to preside at a meeting of the Social Science Congress, to be held in Norwich, England, in October next.

JOHN N. FAIRCHILD, President of the Board of Underwriters of St. Louis, died on the 18th, of cerebro-spinal meningitis.

REV. DR. N. J. MORRISON, late of Olivet College, Michigan, has accepted the presidency of the new college just opened at Springfield, Mo.

THE Grand Duke Alexis has been granted permission to contract a morganatic marriage with Mlle. Jonovski, with whom he fell in love before he began his tour of the world.

PROFESSOR HAYDEN, in charge of the Colorado Exploring Expedition, has already collected and forwarded to Washington 227 different varieties of North American grasshoppers.

PROFESSOR JAMES C. WATSON, of the University of Michigan, who has charge of the Observatory at Ann Arbor, has received a gold medal, awarded him by the Institute of France for valuable astronomical discoveries.

CAPTAIN STODDARD, of the United States Revenue Marine, has an intensely valuable relic of the original *Monitor*. It is the rough log kept from the day of her commission to that of her loss, signed by the officers of the "little cheese-box."

AGRICULTURAL NOTES.

THE Vermont apple crop is a failure.

SPLENDID crop reports all through Eastern North Carolina.

PEACHES abundant and only \$1.25 a bushel in Newburn, N. C.

JOHNSON COUNTY (Mo.) farmers are now sowing Fall wheat.

NEW HAMPSHIRE promises an immense crop of blackberries.

ONLY one-eighth of the usual grape yield is expected in Missouri.

APPLE-BLIGHT has made its appearance in Johnson County, Mo.

HENDERSON COUNTY, Tenn., promises a full crop of corn and cotton.

GASTON COUNTY, N. C., reports excellent crops of corn and cotton.

BENTON COUNTY, Ark., expects a tobacco crop of 600,000 pounds.

LATE crops will be nearly failures, as a rule, throughout Arizona Territory.

At Wilmington, N. C., figs sell for \$2 per bushel, and the supply is large.

HUNTINGTON, Tenn., shipped 4,182 bales of cotton this year, against 3,462 last.

WORMS are said to be working great damage to the canebrake west of Selma, Ala.

THE peach crop of Princess Ann County, Md., exceeds the highest expectations.

THE corn crop of Hamilton County, Mo., is better than that of any other county.

OATS have been harvested in Livingston County, Ill.; the yield is large and clean.

APPREHENSIONS are felt that the entire corn crop in many Missouri counties will be lost.

CATERPILLARS have destroyed oats and corn in Monona County, Ia., but wheat will be full.

THE farmers of Sumner County, Kan., will sow double the usual amount of wheat this Fall.

CARMI, Ill., reports tobacco prospects excellent; corn and oats fair; wheat almost a failure.

COTTON in Van Buren County, Ark., has been damaged by drought; late rains will save but little.

TEXANS are confident that the recent rains will make a full crop of cotton in the northern counties.

THE wheat yield in Minnesota will average twenty-five bushels to the acre—more than was expected.

IN Fort Wayne County, Tenn., the wheat crop will be a failure, but corn, oats and hay promise well.

REPORTS from Union City, Tenn., speak well of corn, cotton and tobacco prospects in that vicinity.

THE cotton crop this year will not be less than 3,750,000 bales, or about one-fourth more than that of last year.

IN Florida cereals are two weeks backward. The rain caused much grass, and caterpillars have been unusually thick.

THE Connecticut potato crop is an extraordinary one, both in quality and quantity. It far exceeds that of past years.

ALL the crops within a radius of twenty miles of Washington, D.C., were seriously damaged by the storm of the 12th.

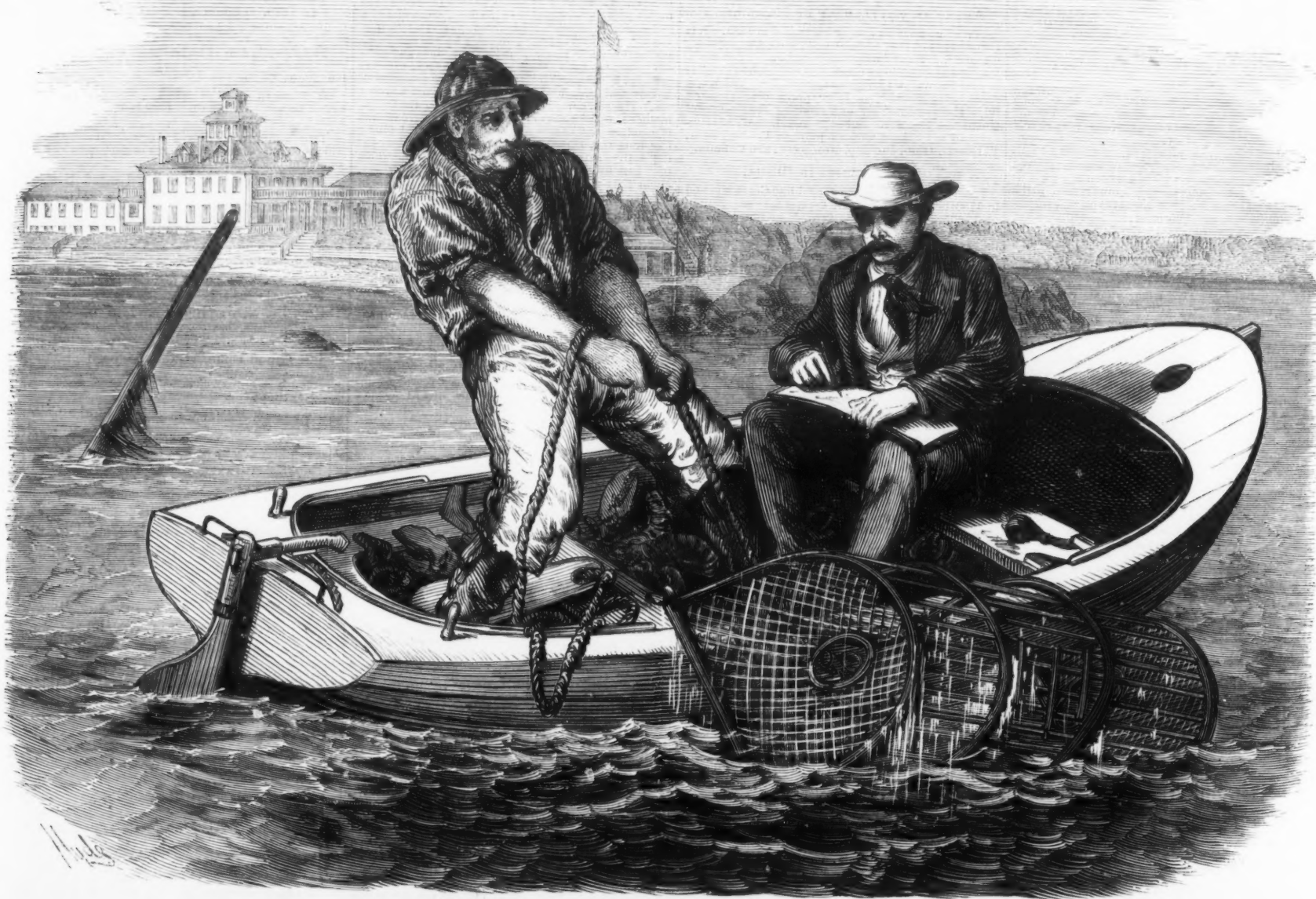
REPORTS from Bartlett, Tenn., represent the corn crop as saved by the rain, and an equivalent of two-thirds that of 1872 will be had.

LANCASTER COUNTY, Pa., expects but a limited yield of tobacco this year. Four-fifths of the State crop comes from this county.

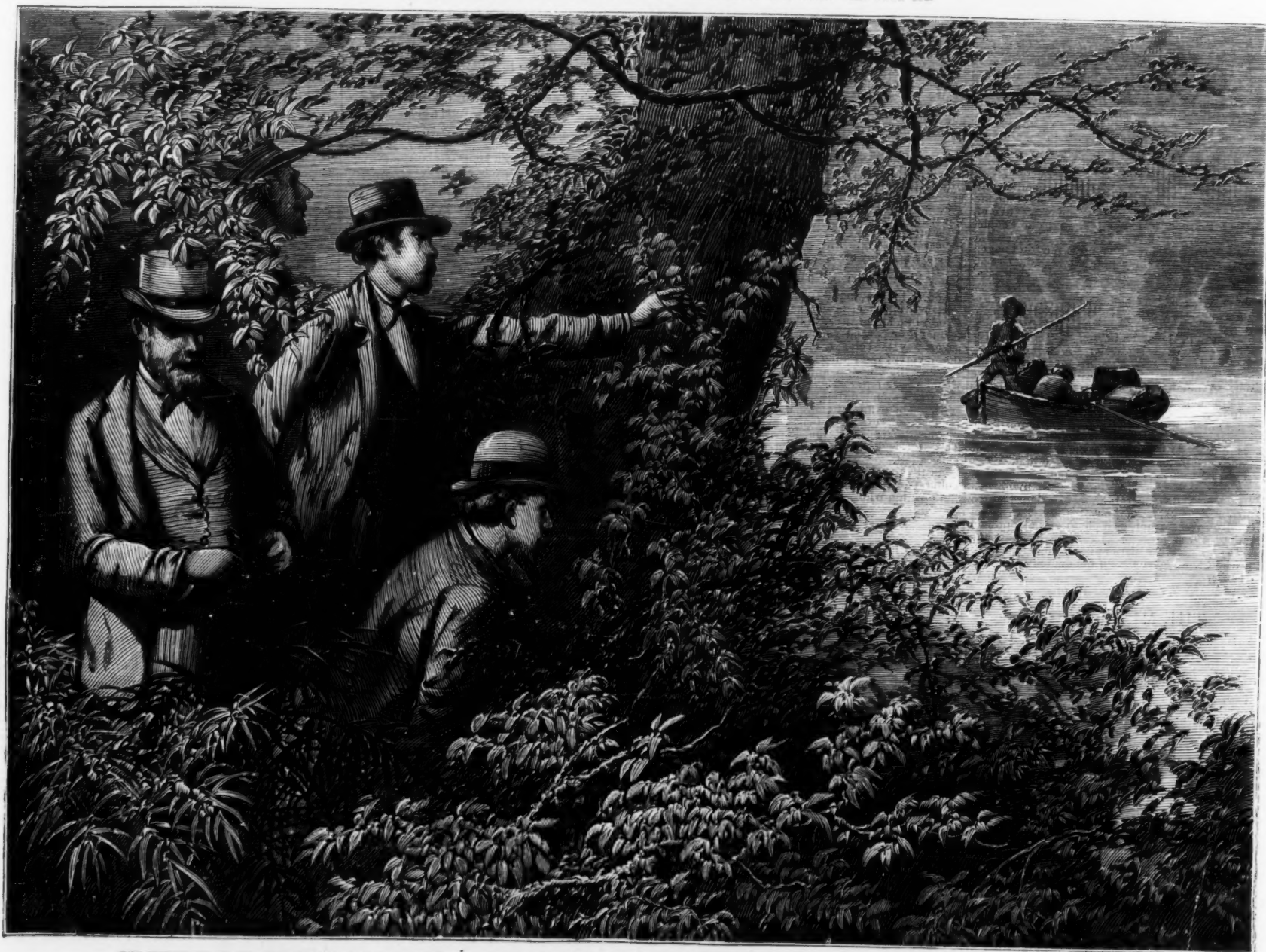
FARMERS in the vicinity of Palmyra, Mo., are busily engaged in threshing and delivering their wheat, the yield having been very heavy.

IN some parts of Boone County, Ill., wheat will not be worth cutting on account of the bugs, but in others a yield is expected of twenty bushels and upwards to the acre.

IN Minnesota and Wisconsin the yield of grain will be immense. The Milwaukee Chamber of Commerce are already alarmed about their capacity to store the 40,000,000 bushels of surplus grain they expect to control.



LOBSTER-FISHING OFF COHASSET, MASSACHUSETTS BAY.—SKETCHED BY J. N. HYDE.—SEE PAGE 414.



THE SMUGGLING TRADE NEAR CALAIS, MAINE.—GOVERNMENT OFFICERS WAITING AND WATCHING FOR THE ARRIVAL OF SMUGGLING-BOATS FROM THE NEW BRUNSWICK SHORE.
SKETCHED BY J. BECKER.—SEE PAGE 414.



THE SMUGGLING TRADE.—A NIGHT SCENE IN A SMUGGLERS' HEADQUARTERS, NEAR CALAIS, MAINE.—ASSORTING THE "SWAG."—SKETCHED BY J. BRECKEN.—SEE PAGE 414.

THE SEA.

AND wert thou not content, oh, cruel sea!
Rich with the countless riches of the earth,
That thou shouldst snatch at what belongeth to me,
All that my little life and hopes were worth?

I poor, thou very rich, oh, wealthy sea!
With all the stolen hoards of centuries!
Each day, each hour the world doth lose by thee,
And yet thou art not satisfied with these.

I had one treasure, oh, thou cruel sea!
I hugged it, hid it deep down in my heart,
And cried, not any of the powers that be
Shall dare to touch it; we shall never part!

My treasure, all I had, oh, heartless sea!
What could it add to any wealth of thine
That thou shouldst poorer make my poverty,
Or to thy hoard add this one mite of mine?

Ah, cruel calm, thy still lips kiss the sand,
But answer comes there none, oh, silent sea,
It is so strange and cold through all the land,
I am so lonely; give him back to me.

LADY DEDLOCK ON A
DESERT ISLAND.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

CHAPTER III.

MY sole reliance for rescue was now placed in passing vessels, and accordingly I kept up a large fire all day, and during as much of the night as possible. I also had a large white handkerchief fastened to a very long and slender sapling, ready at all times to use, in conjunction with my gun, as a signal. Although there was not much probability of our forgetting the days, I kept account of them, Crusoe fashion, by notches in a tree. It was the eighth day of our sojourn here when I began to take measures to vary our diet, by means of fish. The birds in the woods near us were getting shy, and I would not use my powder, if possible to avoid it. As to tackle, I made bold to beg a hairpin of my lady, of which I made a rather good-looking hook, sharpening it very keenly on a stone; and for a line I untwisted a strand of the rope which surrounded her ladyship's hut. With a stone for a "sinker," and some oysters for bait, I had everything I wanted but a place to fish.

The shore in front of our bank was too shelving for such purposes. Even when the tide was high, the water was not deep, and when it was low, I found that by going to the very edge it was entirely too shallow for anything but crabs, which, however, I would have been glad to have caught if I had had a little net. Further along the shore, to the right, I could see that the rocks and bank stretched out some distance towards the sea, and it was likely, if I went a short way in that direction, I could find at high tide deep water near enough to the shore to be accessible. But, as I could not leave my lady while I made these explorations, I contented myself with useless attempts on our beach.

The next day, however, I asked Lady H— if she would be willing to come with me in that direction for a mile or so. She could look out as well, and it would be a change for her, besides giving me the opportunity of getting some fish. She consented, and soon after breakfast we started out. We had not gone much more than half a mile when we came to a bluff, against the foot of which the sea was now—it being nearly flood-tide—washing heavily. I found a good shady seat for my companion, and then sounding the water (almost under my feet as I stood on the edge of the bluff,) I discovered to my surprise that it was nearly ten feet deep.

I had no sooner baited and lowered my line, than I got a most vigorous bite, but lost the fish, for I pulled up my hairpin-hook bent out almost straight. I made a little change in its form, when I made a hook of it again; and presently feeling another hearty jerk, I played the fish a little, and had the pleasure of hooking securely, and hauling up to the top of the bluff, a handsome bouncing fish, nearly two feet in length. I was so overjoyed at my success (for I had always been an enthusiastic fisherman,) that I called to my lady to look at it. She got up, and in an abstracted way came down and watched me as I unhooked the flopping creature, and then, with a shuddering look into the depths beneath her, was back to her seat, merely remarking that it was a fine fish. I caught several others, but none so large as this, and then my bait giving out, we returned.

I said something on this occasion for which I was very sorry. When I had stopped fishing, had taken up my spoils, lines, etc., and was ready to leave, I went up to Lady H—, and said to her that, if she was ready, I thought we might as well go home.

"Home!" said she; and although she spoke no more, but rose and followed me, I saw tears in her eyes for the first time.

I knew not what to say to such a woman as she was that would diminish the effect of this slip of the tongue, and therefore I was silent, which was not, perhaps, a very wise course.

Our dinner and supper that day were delicious, the broiled fish tasting splendidly; but there was less said at our meals than usual. My lady was paler, I thought, and quieter, than ever before. After dinner she surprised me very much by not returning to her post of observation, but retiring into her hut, where she remained until supper-time. I passed an unpleasant afternoon, for I was afraid she was going to be sick; and, besides, it made me feel lonely to miss that graceful figure sitting in the shade and looking out over the sea.

The next morning, however, she looked better, and as we were eating a part of the big fish, I complimented her on the culinary skill she had shown in broiling it so nicely, with nothing but a few green sticks for a gridiron.

She bowed her head slightly, and smiled. It seemed to me at that moment as if a ray of light had broken into the darkness which hung over this lady; and I had from that time more hope that she would successfully bear up under her trials than I had yet dared to feel.

She walked down, after breakfast, to her accustomed seat, but soon returned, and coming to me, as I was making the fire smoke as much as possible (as a signal,) she handed me several hairpins saying:

"I can spare these, and you will probably need them for fish-hooks. I am glad that you can catch fish."

I thanked her, and as she stood by me for a moment I thought I would try and break the unpleasant reserve between us, and so asked her how it was that she had been left on the island.

She told me that she and her maid had gone up into the woods a little way, and had not returned when the wind had begun to blow so hard that the

surf was running quite high. It must have come on very suddenly, she said, and knowing that such gales seldom last long, she had determined to remain where she was until it would be safe for the boats to put off to the steamer. Her maid, who was getting very nervous, she sent to tell the sailors that she would not be willing to put off until the gale ceased. The wind soon got so high that she supposed the girl was afraid to return; and although she did not think that she would willingly desert her, she thought now, from my suggestion, that the maid had been forced into the boat when the danger became imminent. If they called for her, she did not hear them, and they were not likely to find her if they came after her, for she had taken refuge behind a high rock, from which the gale had not allowed her to stir until she had come down on the beach to look for her maid and the men, and had met me.

I made some remarks about the extreme probability of her suppositions, and how the sailors had probably waited until the last safe moment; and then she left me and retired to her hut. There she spent all the day, excepting the time required for cooking and eating; and I passed the time smoking, and grumbling at myself for forcing conversation upon her; for I feared I had annoyed her, and I determined hereafter to let her make all social advances. I was not in the least piqued with her manner now, but was as tender as possible of her feelings, and very solicitous for her comfort. I kept fresh dry ferns piled by her hut for her bed, there was always cool water in the jug, and my flask-cup with it, standing in the shade, for her use. I did not fish this day, but got an unusual number of oysters, which we had roasted for our supper.

That night I was frightened. I must have been asleep for several hours; the moon was down, and it was as dark as pitch in the shadows of the forest, when I was awakened by the cracking of a twig, and then another, as if something was treading softly near me. I sprang out of my hut, cocked my gun, and stood ready to fire (thereby exposing myself greatly, however, to attack by man or beast;) but I heard nothing more, and in an hour I lay down again, yet did not sleep until daybreak.

The next morning I said nothing of my fright to Lady H—, but, conjecturing that it must have been some nocturnal animal which had been prowling around (for no human being could walk so quietly in a night so completely dark,) I thought it best to go and take a look at the grave of the unfortunate maid. If it was not too late I would place heavy stones over it. So, leaving my gun with my lady, as she sat under a tree, gazing as much into the forest as over the sea, I gave her the usual directions about an alarm, and set off for my destination without exciting any suspicion in her mind that I was doing anything more than usual.

In fact, she thought so little about me, that I could do as I pleased in such matters at all times. When I reached the grave, I was delighted to find it undisturbed, and spent some time piling heavy stones upon it. When I got back my lady was not under the tree; but by the door of her hut being closed, I was not at a loss in regard to her whereabouts. When, however, the hour for the preparation of dinner had passed (for we were very regular in our habits,) I was surprised at her seclusion; but supposing she had fallen asleep, I contented myself to wait. The gun was lying where she had been sitting, and her closed parasol by it. About three o'clock I could control my anxiety no longer, and going near the hut, I called Lady H— by name. No answer. I called louder and louder, and going close to the door, I shouted at her. I did not like to open the door, but at last I could stand it no longer, and dashing aside the bough at the entrance, I looked in. The hut was empty!

For three hours, at least, I rushed madly in every direction, shouting and calling for the lost lady. I was fairly wild, and before I ceased running I was so hoarse I could shout no more. Coming back from pressing my way among the briars of the forest, where I thought she might have been carried by some beast, I returned to the tree where I had left her. She had not come back, and I could shout or run no more.

I sank down by my gun, and took her parasol in my hand. It was all she had left. I opened it; there was writing on the white silk!

I rose to my knees and tremblingly read these words, written in lead-pencil, on the extended silk:

"I have now given up all hope. My watch and my portmanteau I leave inside of my house, to be sent to my husband if occasion allows, and provided you do not find yourself in need of them. You have been very kind, very considerate, and thoroughly gentlemanly in your conduct towards me. I thank you from the bottom of my heart, and hope and pray that you will soon be released from this place. Until then, keep up your courage. You are a man. You need not look for me, for I shall have thrown myself from the rock where you were fishing. Farewell, my friend. I tried to do it last night, but you wakened."

Dropping the parasol, I rushed with renewed life to the bluff, searched the shore, climbed down to the water where the tide was coming in, stripped off my clothes, dived, swam, and until dark used every possible means of discovering some trace of Lady H—. But all in vain; I never saw my beautiful companion again.

For several days (I do not know how many) I was in a sort of stupor. I ate, mechanically, the few roots I roasted, but nearly my whole time was passed sitting on her rock, and thinking of how much better I might have done, how I might possibly have saved the life of this dear lady—for dear to me I felt she was now. If I had not thought of fishing, she would never have known of that bluff; if I had encouraged her more, she might have not got into such a condition of mind; if I had not wakened when she was trying to pass my hut in the night, she could never have found her way to the deep water in the dark, and must have fallen and cried out, and I would have brought her back, and never afterwards have left her. Hundreds of such suppositions and regrets passed my mind, and I worked myself into a most lamentable mental condition.

Her watch and portmanteau I found where she had said they were, and I made bold to open the latter to see if there was anything that could be of use in regard to finding her relatives. There was nothing in it but her earrings and brooch, a note to Sir Francis H— (without address,) and some gold and silver change, with three five-pound notes. She evidently did not carry her money about her, as I did.

In a few days more I determined to leave the island. If I had remained inactive any longer—if it had not been for the great exertion necessary in building a raft out of dead logs, rolled or carried from the forest by the toil of several days, and fastened together by the rope from her poor hut—I believe I should have lost my senses.

Before I started, I cooked a number of roots, collected as many oysters as possible, filled my stone jug with water (alas! it held but little over a quart,) and put all my belongings on board, including the long signal-pole. The parasol I carried carefully in my belt.

At high tide I pushed off, one bright morning, and being carried out to sea by the receding waters, I soon lost sight of my island. I floated comfortably until noon of the next day, and then my water gave out. The following twenty-four hours I suffered much, but in the afternoon of my third day at sea I was picked up by a Dutch bark bound to the Moluccas, thence to Batavia.

It was more than a month before we reached the latter town. The steamer in which I had sailed had come in with news of the loss of her yawl, two seamen and three passengers, whom several persons asserted they saw in the boat, and who must have been all drowned when she overturned. Sir Francis H— had arrived, had heard the sad news, and had gone on to England.

As for me, I went to Canton by the first opportunity, and intended sailing thence to Liverpool; but letters which I found there compelled my immediate return to the United States, by the way of San Francisco. As soon as I reached the Atlantic Coast I wrote to Sir Francis H—, using the best address I could get in Batavia, and soon afterwards I sent the watch and portmanteau to the care of an American Agency, London, desiring them to immediately communicate with the baronet, and let me know the result. In about five weeks I received in answer that the package and accompanying letter had been sent to Sir Francis at his country-place in the North of England, and that they (the agents) had received a note from his lawyer stating that, as the infirm condition of the baronet was such as to make it injudicious to consult him on business of any kind, the letter (which had been opened by the lawyer) and package had been sent to Mr. George B—, the nephew and heir of Sir Francis, whose reply would be forwarded to the Agency as soon as received. I have never heard another word in regard to the matter, and am not sure whether I should take any further steps or not. The parasol I religiously preserve, as I was not told to surrender that.

At the same time that I wrote to the Agency I sent them the letter I had taken from the poor maid's body, with directions to find out, if possible, her relatives, and send them the letter, in which I detailed the whole sad affair. The locket contained the photograph of a middle-aged woman (probably her mother,) and the letter, much faded by the seawater, and without envelope or date, was addressed, "My dear Rache (meaning, probably, Rachel), and signed, "Mary J. Watt." As far as I could make it out, it contained regrets that the poor girl should be so far away from home, and various items about the grievances suffered by the writer at the hands of a certain Maria.

I requested the Agency to endeavor to find, from Sir Francis's household, the name and native place of the young girl. After a month or two I received a letter, stating that an elderly woman, who had since married in Australia, had gone out with Lady H—, and that this young person must have been engaged in Australia. I advertised since in the Sydney papers, but have never heard anything concerning the girl, and I have the locket yet.

THE END.

THE NEW YORK PRODUCE
EXCHANGE.

THIS institution—for the name is applied indifferently to the association and the building in which its daily meetings are held—is to some extent the expression of the growth of our commerce and industry. Twenty-seven years ago all purchases of produce, for export or home use, had to be made from the receivers in their separate stores. The many inconveniences of this mode of transacting business led to buyers and sellers meeting, by common consent, in a small store, cleared for the purpose of its superfluous fixtures, near the corner of Broad and South Streets. There the chief daily transactions in flour and grain were conducted for some years, till the requirements of the trade rendered necessary the erection of a building expressly designed for the accommodation of the rapidly increasing business. This was known by the name of the Corn Exchange, and was on the corner of Broad and South Streets. But again, in a few more years, the rapid increase of the grain trade demanded an extension of room. The provision trade, also rapidly increasing in extent and importance, desired a room for daily meetings, and as the Corn Exchange in South Street could not be enlarged, it was resolved to erect a building on the block bounded by Whitehall, Pearl, Water and Moore Streets, to be called the Produce Exchange. On its first opening the ground-floor was appropriated to offices, and the first floor was large enough to accommodate the daily assemblages; but it is now some years since it was found necessary to devote both floors to the exclusive use of members.

The number of members is now over 2,000. Members own the land and building, and admission can be had only by buying a share, the price of which is now \$500, and the payment of small annual dues. Through its committees the association is in close communication with similar institutions in other cities, and through a salaried statistician a large mass of figures relating to the movements of produce from distant points in the West towards the seaboard, together with prices in distant markets, is on record daily for the uses of the members.

One very important feature of the charter of the Produce Exchange is the Board of Arbitration, before which any disputes between members may be brought by mutual consent, and the decisions of this board, being certified to the Supreme Court, judgment must be issued, without appeal, in accordance with the award—an admirable institution, tending largely to harmony among the members, administering substantial justice, but not in favor with the race of lawyers, as may naturally be supposed.

The sight at "high change" is one of great interest. Without bustle or confusion, enormous amounts of provisions of all kinds, flour, grain, seeds, naval stores and petroleum, change hands; freights are provided, exchange is sold, and the good faith with which mere verbal contracts are carried out is not alone admirable in itself, but cannot be excelled, we are persuaded, if even equaled, by any other mercantile community of a similar kind in the world.

The future prosperity of such an institution is well assured. Every acre of land freshly brought under cultivation in the Great West is an extension and strengthening of its roots.

It will be curious to watch the solution of the problem, whether the principle be sound which gathers so many different branches of commerce under one roof. The advocates of this system maintain that if the representatives of the cotton and groceries interest could also be provided with accommodations—that is, if a building could be erected capable of holding the members of all these branches of trade, the facilities for business would be increased. On the other hand, there is always at work a principle called "differentiation" by

philosophers, and in a hundred ways it is obvious that this principle tends rather to the splitting up of different branches of commerce, and to giving to each one its separate interests and aims, rather than to the combining and welding of all. But for the present the Produce Exchange is doing a good work, and whether united or divided in the future, we wish it every success.

Our illustration represents the Grain Department, on the upper floor of the building, during the busiest hour of the day. The faces of members will be readily recognized, as they were drawn from the photographs of each gentleman, taken expressly for this purpose by Bogardus, of No. 363 Broadway.

LOBSTER FISHING.

COHASSET, COAST OF MASSACHUSETTS.

ALTHOUGH an intimate or even a superficial knowledge of the natural history of so well-known a marine crustacean as the lobster may not be necessary, in any degree, to a thorough appreciation of the rare virtues of the sprawling luxury in a culinary sense, a few observations on its leading characteristics may not be out of place here, inasmuch as we illustrate to-day, under the above head, the mode of fishing for it on our shores.

The shell or armor of the lobster, which is olive or blackish green, covered with darker blotches, turns red during the process of boiling, through the action of heat upon its pigmentary or coloring matter. Being incapable of expansion, it is changed periodically to meet the necessities of the animal's growth. At the time of its being shed, it splits in two on the head and body, its successor forming beneath in two equal halves—the tail portion being cast without splitting. At this juncture, the new covering is as soft as paper, and the creature, being utterly defenseless, is constrained to seek shelter in the crevices of rocks from even its own species, that would prey upon it while in this helpless condition.

There is only one species of this crustacean in our waters, found from the coast of New York northward. The best are taken on the rocky sweep of shore between Cape Cod and Cape Ann, one point of which is shown by our artist. They are caught in baskets or traps with a concave netting at each end, having, as depicted in our engraving, a hole in the centre. These traps, which are baited with dead fish or any garbage, are sunk to the bottom in deep water, and their places marked with wooden floats. They are raised every day or two, and their contents transferred to a large floating car, where the spoils are kept alive for many days and prevented from injuring each other by the plugging up of their quarrelsome thumb-joints with pieces of wood. And here we may observe that one of the most marked peculiarities of the lobster is the ease and frequency with which the larger claws are separated from the body and the power which the creature possesses of reproducing them gradually.

It would be difficult, if not impossible, to estimate the number of these animals consumed annually in a fresh condition in this country, or to give a clear idea of how great a source of revenue they are to the New England States. They are most common in our markets in Spring and Summer, and are esteemed a great delicacy—especially their unimpregnated eggs, which, from their fine, red color, are commonly called "coral." They vary in length from one to two feet, and in weight from two to fifteen pounds. While undergoing a change of shell, they are considered good for bait only, and are sometimes used in deep-sea fishing. Like other crustaceans, they, at times, cause eruptions of the skin in susceptible constitutions, and in warm weather; but no portion of them is poisonous—not even the tough cartilaginous stomach, which no one thinks of eating, and which, through some terrible misapprehension, has received the appellation "lady."

SMUGGLING ON THE COAST OF
MAINE.

IT is a fact beyond dispute that the general public sympathize more largely and sincerely with the adventurous men actually engaged in smuggling than with persons devoted to any other unlawful pursuit. The hazards they run, the hairbreadth escapes that checker their history, and the dangers that beset them at all periods, both by land and by sea, are accepted as atonement, as it were, for the offense that lies in their calling; while their courage, tact and daring invest their operations with so much interest, that they have long since found their way into the very heart of romance, and become the heroes of many a stirring tale.

Although no individual adopts the principles of Free Trade more cheerfully, or acts upon them with greater vigor and pertinacity, than the smuggler, it is not a little surprising, at first blush, that he is the very last man who would urge their recognition by the constituted authorities of the land. This, however, will be explained by the fact that it is on the maintenance of a line of antagonism between him and these functionaries that his vocation depends solely; and that if Free Trade were adopted by all civilized governments, smuggling would be rendered impossible. But Free Trade has not been adopted on this side of the Atlantic at least, and the consequence is that we still have the smuggler amongst us; and that, as may be gathered from our two illustrations on the subject, he continues to ply his midnight calling on our shores.

Notwithstanding that the Niagara frontier affords marked facilities for carrying on contraband operations, from the close proximity of the American to the Canadian shore, that portion of the coast of Maine which is shown in one of our engravings has, from its nearness to the province of New Brunswick, become an important rendezvous in this relation. Iron-bound as it is, and embarrassed with dangerous reefs, and cliffs honeycombed into gloomy caverns, it offers an almost impenetrable retreat to the contrabandists who have selected any point of it as their headquarters. Of this fact our Custom House authorities seem perfectly aware, and they consequently station their agents and officers at places where they are most likely to intercept smugglers with effect before they get in among the rocks and caves, where pursuit becomes fruitless or impossible.

That the men we discover coming towards shore in the boat have outwitted the officers we perceive on the lookout for them, is obvious, for the craft contains nothing but some empty cases and a few worthless packages that are not contraband, while the real cargo has been landed some miles from this point by another wily party, whom we now see inspecting the goods and enjoying themselves in a leading rendezvous, snugly built among the rocks. In this way Custom House officers are constantly tricked, and simply through false information, designedly and cunningly forwarded to them, upon which they act in good faith.

NEWS OF CIVILIZATION.

MICHIGAN SILVER MINING.—The Ontonagon Miner of the 9th inst. has the following regarding silver mining in Ontonagon County: "A visit to the Iron River district this week has developed nothing of special importance. At the Ontonagon and Superior Mines nothing new has to be recorded. At the Ontonagon and Lake Superior Mine the shaft is now down about twenty-two feet, but has not reached the vein yet. The shaft has gone through some slate carrying native silver. On the west half of section thirteen the pits have not reached the vein-rock yet, but we hope next week to be able to record something favorable from that side of the river."

KANSAS ENTERPRISES.—As a stock country, it is becoming famed far and near for blooded stock and thoroughbreds, and several localities already lay claim in this regard to the appellation of "blue-grass region of Kentucky." One of their cities, Smuggler, but recently created a *furor* among renowned turfmen everywhere. The stud farm of Governor Sprague, of Rhode Island, situated near Lawrence, is, perhaps, one of the most noted and valuable in the entire country. The farm consists of over six hundred acres, in the valley of the Wakarusa. The stable and horses cost hundreds of thousands of dollars, and show some of the best blood in the country. Vineyards dot the hill-slopes of the State, and rich ruby wine flows from the presses in an annual abundance. Rich and flowing oil discoveries have been made, and new sources of industry and enterprise are being opened almost every day. The mineral resources of the State are unlimited, and successful explorations for subterranean treasures are constantly made.

COAL IN NEVADA.—Speaking of Washoe coal, the *Territorial Enterprise* says: "Some parties in this city, who are mining for coal in El Dorado Cañon, Lyon County, eight or ten miles beyond Dayton, are meeting with very flattering success. At no great depth they found a very promising vein of coal, several feet thick, which burns well and freely, and which contains no sulphur. The coal appears to be lignite, and in appearance does not differ materially from other deposits of that mineral that have at various times been opened in this section of the State. About two tons of the coal have been brought to this city. We yesterday saw some of it tested in a small coal-stove, and it seemed to burn about as well as any other coal could have done. A fire made of it at nine o'clock in the morning was still burning when we saw it at half-past one P. M. It leaves a considerable quantity of ashes, which appears to be due to a kind of sediment composed of calcareous matter mixed with the coal at the time of its formation. At a greater depth on the vein this will, doubtless, disappear. We hope the mine may prove to be all that its owners believe it promises to become."

BUSINESS IN MOBILE, ALA.—We have said that a better feeling pervades the business community already in relation to the coming season. We do not pretend, here and now, to analyze its origin; we are well contented to state what we believe to be the fact itself. But there are some such patent reasons for the reaction that they must strike the most careless examiner. The persistent growth and promise of the cotton crop, spite of the early efforts of alarmists to cut it off at the root; the little chance for flood-destruction; and the contagious spread of common-sense ideas through the North and East, under Grangers' influence, are some of these. But the higher and sounder reason is the converse of the proposition of the last season's dullness. For the country people immediately dependent upon Mobile have waked into active perception of their own best interest; and many of the planters are urging a reticence upon the factor that cannot but have a healthful influence, even should it produce no immediate result. Numerous articles have appeared in these columns of late, which go to show that the farmer interest of this section is at last beginning to awake not only to its importance to the country, but also to its importance to itself.—*Mobile Register*.

THE SOUTH FOR MANUFACTURING.—Mr. John B. Palmer, a manufacturer of cotton yarns at the Saluda Cotton Mills, in South Carolina, has published a paper in which he undertakes to show that he can manufacture yarns cheaper than can be done either at Lowell, Mass., or at Manchester, England. He gives a detailed exhibit of his own costs, item by item, including labor, repairs and materials consumed, and shows that he can make a pound of No. 20 yarn, estimating the cotton at 20 cents, paying freight and insurance to New York, for 29.8 cents. The lowest estimate he has seen of the cost of manufacturing yarns at Lowell, including the same items, except freight and insurance (the same cotton there costing 22.5 cents,) is 34.8 cents. That is, he at the South can make five cents a pound more than the Lowell manufacturer can upon the same article when both sell in the North. Mr. Palmer further compared notes with a manufacturer of cotton yarn in Manchester, who gave him the cost of manufacturing the same grade of goods there. The result of the manufacturer's calculation is that a pound of No. 20 yarn (the cotton there costing 24 cents) costs him 35.25 cents. Now, if we add freight and insurance from New York to England to the cost of Southern manufacture—that is, add 1.5 cents to 29.08, we find that Mr. Palmer can deliver his South Carolina yarn in Liverpool at 4.67 cents a pound cheaper than the English manufacturer can offer his own there.

POLITICAL NEWS.

THE OLD GUARD.—"The Democratic Party," says the *Albany Argus*, "cordially invite the earnest co-operation of all who agree with it with regard to the duty of the present. The sentiment of the people is unbroken. Its spirit is known to be indomitable. Association with it is the surest means of success. Around its standard all can rally. To its creed all can appeal. Its power, its prestige, its traditions, can be invoked by all. The situation demands the unity and consolidation of all forces opposed to the Administration, and agreeing upon the true policy and methods of government. While coalitions are repugnant to the people, the solid cement of masses thoroughly united in purpose and desire is fully approved, and a source of unbounded encouragement."

THE OHIO CAMPAIGN.—Many of the Republican papers of Ohio are beginning to concede that the party this Fall will have no light task before it to elect its candidates. The nomination of "Bill" Allen has aroused an unusual degree of enthusiasm in the Democratic ranks, and a great effort will be made to elect him Governor. It can be said for the Democratic nominees that they are not office-seekers, nor did they spend weeks in wire-pulling, to secure places upon the ticket. This, in these days of rings and cliques, is greatly to their credit. It is known, too, in the case of the Republican

candidate for Governor, that the Senatorship is the prize for which he is really working, and this will not have much tendency to induce people who are opposed to political bargain and sale to look favorably upon his nomination. In about a week from this time the campaign will be opened, and it will undoubtedly be lively from that time up to the day of election.—*Detroit Free Press*.

DEMOCRATIC HOPE.—The *Boston Post* says: "After the recent exposures in the Republican Party, the Democrats are summoned to stand firmer than before. By reiterating their determination to adhere to principles whose abandonment is the whoe cause of present troubles, they are doing their best to testify to that living faith. And the Maryland Democrats answer promptly to the proclamation of those of Maine, taking up the noble declaration of their Ohio brethren and making them the platform of the Democracy of Maryland and the Union. In the face of such vitality as this, the Republican journals assume that the Democratic Party is in a moribund condition. It is renewing its youth instead. The Administration is yet to find that its vigor will cost much severe exertion to contest. Everywhere over the Union the cry for reform is going up, and the corruptions of Congress and the Administration are denounced by the people. The Democracy have organized the opposition, and must conduct it to eventual victory."

GRANT has been used by a Sunday-school teacher as a terrible warning against keeping bad company. The teacher horrified his scholars by telling them that Grant's constant companion was the wickedest man in New York, the genuine Tom Murphy himself; that among his other companions was the wickedest man in Massachusetts, the genuine Ben Butler; that he kept company with Ginery Twitchell, and that he was cheek by jowl with the horse-racers, whisky-drinkers and gamblers of Long Branch. The teacher further told the scholars that Grant had no companions who were ministers of the Gospel or men of deep piety. The proverb, illustrated by the teacher during these remarks was that one which says that a man is known by the company he keeps. He said that no one could tell what a man would finally come to who kept such company as Grant. He showed his class a photograph of Grant in contrast with that of George Washington.

The *Cleveland Herald* (Administration) makes the following admissions: "We tell our Republican friends that the nomination of Bill Allen is no joke. There is to be no boy's play this campaign. The Democratic Party is stronger to-day than it has been in Ohio for many years. The courage of that party has revived, and it will go into the contest resolved to deserve success, even if it do not win a victory. Republicans must open their eyes, and they must appreciate the gravity of the occasion, for a victory over the Democrats this Fall will be a harder job than any victory we ever won over the confederate force of sick Republicans and politic Democrats."

HARLAN, of the *Washington Chronicle*, is distressing himself because the Iowa Republicans incorporated in their State platform resolutions declaring that it is the duty of members of the party to oppose the election of incompetent, bad men, even if they should be nominated for responsible offices. He advances the idea that such resolutions have no place in a political platform, and that their adoption is a stupid proceeding calculated to encourage bolters. At the same time he finds comfort in the thought that the objectionable resolutions were only passed for effect, and in reality don't mean anything.

GOSSIP OF THE GRANGES.

It is believed that at the great Grange meeting to be held at Parsons, Kansas, on the 1st of September, 15,000 farmers will be present.

The voting power of the Grangers in Iowa is estimated at 67,660.

The Arkansas State Grange will meet at Little Rock, October 13th.

Dane County (Wis.) Patrons are about organizing a County Council.

There are thirty-three Granges in Douglas County, Kan., with about 900 members.

The Grangers had a grand picnic at Popenoe's, two miles north of Topeka, Kan., on the 16th.

A Grange Shipping Association has been organized at Tolono, Ill., with a capital stock of \$100,000.

Mr. Parson, Master of the Minnesota State Grange, organized 22 subordinates between July 1st and August 6th.

The farmers of Jefferson and adjoining counties, in Southern Indiana had a monster jubilee at Saluda on the 23d.

The Granges of Peoria County, Ill., have called a county convention to meet in Peoria on the 9th day of next September.

The various farmers' political movements in the West are entirely independent of the Order of Patrons; they are merely local efforts.

A Grange, with 30 members, has been organized in the town of Maple Creek, Wis., by Deputy C. M. Brainerd. This is the first Grange organized in that vicinity.

The Deputies in New England and New York have laid the foundation for an immense increase of membership that as soon as the hurry of harvest subsides will begin to pour in.

J. G. Kingsbury, Deputy of the Indiana State Grange, has organized subordinates during the past month at Kokomo in Howard County; Lagrange, in Lagrange County; and Aurora, in Dearborn County.

A harvest festival was held at Clinton, De Witt County, Ill., which was participated in by five thousand people. Addresses were delivered by Governor Beveridge, Ex-Governor Palmer, and General Black.

The farmers of Champaign County, Ill., having obtained a license from the State to act in a corporate capacity, have just forwarded nineteen carloads of corn on their own account, saving \$500 by the operation.

One of the greatest direct benefits of the Order is in the greater and growing sociability of the members. The co-operative system of buying farming implements and other necessities has also been highly beneficial financially.

The Deputies in Louisiana, Texas, Florida and Alabama are pushing their work with great activity, and will shortly report State Granges. Virginia and West Virginia will follow, and complete the State organizations in the South.

A large meeting of Farmers and Grangers was held at Olathe, Kan., August 16th, in regard to cheap transportation. Speeches were made by prominent citizens of Kansas, favoring Government or State control of railroads, river improvements, and barge navigation on the Missouri River.

The harvest feasts and picnics of the Granges are proving to be one of the grand social and mental features of the Order. If they should not accomplish anything else than giving the needed frequent recreation to farmers' wives and children, that will offset more than ten times the cost.

It is proposed to call a convention of the National and all the State Executive Committees for the purpose of deciding on a systematic plan of work relative to purchases and sales between the Grangers in different sections of country, as well as for purchase of farming implements and machinery.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

NEW ENGLAND.

MAINE.—There will be a social reunion of the old students of the Franklin School, Topsham, at the old school, on the 5th of September.

The Penobscot County Democratic Convention was held at Bangor, on the 19th. The Salary Steal was denounced. The Scientific Congress opened in Portland on the 21st of August.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—The Musical Association for Sullivan County will hold its annual meeting in Newport, September 22d, under the instruction of Professor Wilder, of Boston.

The Nashua Prohibition Club will prosecute the Nashua liquor-dealers that have been bound over to appear at the September term of the Supreme Court.

The new and elegant hall of the New Hampshire Medical College has been completed, at a cost of \$10,000. Jaffrey celebrated its centennial on the 21st.

VERMONT.—Poultney is to have a colony of Welshmen.

The old Eighth Regiment will have a reunion September 2d.

The monument to Philip Embury, the founder of Methodism in America, will be dedicated October 20th.

A military school is to be established at Rutland.

Capitalists propose to establish alpaca factories at Bellow's Falls, which will employ 360 hands, if the citizens will subscribe \$50,000 towards the capital of \$400,000, and the sum of \$33,000 was subscribed in one week.

The annual Convention of the Vermont Spiritual Association will be held in Ludlow, September 5th, 6th and 7th.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The Fire Department of Newburyport will have a grand muster next month.

The Bridgewater Cattle Show will take place on the 17th of September, and continue three days.

The bequest of the late Phineas Allen, of Pittsfield, to the Athenaeum of that place, will amount to about \$50,000.

The headings of the Hoosac Tunnel, from the central shaft to the west end, have been so far advanced that the workmen in each now hear the daily blasts in the other, and only a few months are required to pierce the intervening rock.

A meeting of the Commercial Exchange was held at Boston, on the 19th, to consider the objects of the Grange movement.

The Republican State Committee have changed the time of the Convention at Worcester to September 10th.

RHODE ISLAND.—The various police stations in Providence are to be furnished with telegraphic instruments.

A fine monument to Commodore Perry has recently been placed over his remains in Island Cemetery, at Newport.

CONNECTICUT.—The following veteran reunions are still to occur: The Seventeenth Regiment at New Haven, 28th; Twentieth, at Ansonia, 25th; Company K, Twenty-fifth, at Plainville, 25th; Twenty-sixth, at New London, 28th; Twenty-seventh, at Meriden, September 4th; First Light Battery, at Guilford, 11th; Fourteenth, at Waterbury, 17th; Fifteenth, at Fenwick Grove, 17th; and the Sixth, at New Haven, 10th.

On the first Monday of October the electors of Connecticut will be required to vote upon the adoption of the Constitutional Amendment providing for one capital.

An \$80,000 high-school building is being erected at Waterbury.

Hartford has long possessed clubs and club-rooms, and now proposes to indulge in a first-class club-house. The Governor Trumbull Mansion has been leased, and is being fitted up for the purpose.

It is said that Fisher's Island, off the New London shore, is likely to be purchased by the State of New York for a State penitentiary and prison.

THE MIDDLE STATES.

NEW YORK.—The Saratoga Rowing Association will hold a grand amateur regatta on Saratoga Lake on the 11th and 12th of September.

There is to be a grand Masonic encampment at Silver Lake, September 10th, 11th and 12th.

The Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of the State of New York met at Albany, September 19th.

NEW YORK CITY.—The pilots and pilot commissioners of New York condemn the proposed plan of the Secretary of the Treasury to make them Government officers.

It is proposed to give a public reception in New York to Joseph Arch, the President of the British Agricultural Union, who will land in this country during the present month. He is the famous leader of the farm laborers of England, and visits America to see whether it will be best to bring over the 600,000 workmen who are under his influence.

Carl Vogt will not be surrendered to the Prussian authorities.

The New York Rendering Company have lost their contract.

The State Council of the Order of United American Mechanics held its annual session on the 19th.

The next rifle contest at Creedmoor will begin October 8th.

On the 19th, \$2,000,000 in gold coin were forwarded from Washington to the Sub-Treasury.

The cigarmakers are signing a petition against the patent cigar-box.

NEW JERSEY.—The charter election of Newark will take place on the 14th of October. A mayor and full ticket is to be elected.

The Hunterdon County Fair will be held at Flemington on the 23d, 24th and 25th days of September.

The Warren County Fair will be held at Belvidere, commencing Tuesday, September 30th, and ending on Friday, the 3d of October.

Bishop Jones, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, is seriously ill at his residence near Baskingridge.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Ninth Annual Meeting of the State Equal Rights League convened in Wilkesbarre on the 19th.

Premiums amounting to \$4,500 were offered for the Lee Park races, which began at Wilkesbarre on the 20th.

THE SOUTH.

MARYLAND.—The State Teachers' Association holds its annual session in Hagerstown on the 27th, 28th and 29th insts.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.—The Attorney-General has recommended the pardon of P. Hood, of South Carolina, and Adolphus Dupriest and George Hurlanday, of North Carolina, who are now serving out terms in the Albany Penitentiary for Ku-Klux outrages.

The Court of Claims has lately given judgment for more than \$200,000, to indemnify Alexander J. Atocha for loss and damages for his expulsion from Mexico in 1845.

A number of letters have been received from Quakers and other friends of the Indian peace policy, asking Executive clemency in behalf of the Modoc Indians lately on trial for the murder of General Canby.

During the year ending June 30th, 1873, the amount of moneys and securities redeemed and destroyed was \$144,973,962.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The Cherokee Indians, numbering about 1,000, will soon remove to the plains.

FLORIDA.—The police of Jacksonville are jubilant over their new uniform.

From Mariana it is reported that the farmers begin to realize the fact that it is not b at, nor economy, to depend solely on a crop of cotton, and that hereafter a diversity of crops will be inaugurated.

F. J. Moreno has been appointed Spanish consul for Key West.

A large colony from Selma, Ala., and its vicinity, is expected to settle on the headwaters of the Ocklawaha this Winter.

MISSISSIPPI.—The State Republican Convention will meet in Jackson on the 27th inst.

The State Executive Committee of Conservative Democrats have called a convention of all parties opposed to Radicalism, at Meridian, September 17th.

KENTUCKY.—Mason County is swarming with rice-birds, much to the delight of sportsmen.

The Southern Baptist Seminary, at present located in Greenville, S. C., will be removed to Louisville. An endowment fund of \$500,000 is promised.

TENNESSEE.—For nearly a month a portion of the bluff lying between Union and Beal streets, Memphis, has been gradually sliding into the Mississippi.

Owing to the cholera, the fair at Greenville is postponed to September 24th, 25th and 26th.

TEXAS.—The Republican State Convention assembled at Dallas on the 19th.

THE WEST.

OHIO.—The fourth annual exhibition of the Northern Ohio Fair Association begins at Cleveland, September 29th, and continues five days.

A dispensation has been granted for the establishment of a German Masonic Lodge at Columbus.

The Ohio Democracy will open the campaign about the 1st of September, on a plan to be prepared by the Executive Committee.

A meeting to ratify the nominations of the "Peoples' Party" was held at Lucia, Allen County, on the 13th.

INDIANA.—Judge Lafollette, of New Albany, has been appointed to the chair in the Law Department of the State University recently filled by Judge Eckles.

The ladies of Fort Wayne have established a Home for the Friendless.

The annual reunion of the 30th Indiana Volunteers will be held at Newcastle on the 19th and 20th of September.

ILLINOIS.—The new insane hospital at Anna will be in readiness for the reception of patients in January next.

The Chicago University is to be enlarged.

Schuyler Colfax is to deliver an oration before the Platt County Agricultural Society on the 3d of October.

The National Association of Pork Packers will hold its annual convention in Chicago, September 10th.

Among the victims of the Chicago and Alton Railroad accident was Captain John W. Smith, Warden of the State Penitentiary at Joliet.

MICHIGAN.—Miss Ella Chapin has been appointed Register of Deeds for Gratiot County, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of her father.

The city records of Ypsilanti, which were stolen on the 21st of July, have been recovered. The thief had sunk them in the river, and a diver brought them up.

MISSOURI.—A huge Sabbath-school picnic will be held at the Fair Grounds at Warrensburg, August 29th, at which all the Sunday-school children in Johnson and surrounding counties will be present.

St. Louis has sent out a cricket club to make a tour of the Northern States and Canada.

IOWA.—The new codification of Iowa laws takes effect on the 1st of September.

Mount Pleasant is to have a German College.

Operations at the Iowa City quarry for the stone for the new State Capitol have commenced.

WISCONSIN.—The members of the Ladies' Temperance Union of Janesville are about to establish an extensive temperance coffee-house and a reading-room.

Within the past year there have been 36 new lodges of Good Templars organized in this State, and two reorganized, making an increase of 38 lodges.

The French residents of Fond du Lac will have a picnic on the 5th of September to celebrate the German evacuation of France.

MINNESOTA.—The Odd Fellows of Minneapolis have dedicated an elegant hall.

KANSAS.—A grand convention of soldiers and sailors is to be held at Topeka on the 23d of September.

NEBRASKA.—The Omaha Fire Department will have a grand parade September 10th. Departments of contiguous cities are invited to participate.

The Pawnee Indians are preparing for war on the Sioux, in retaliation for their attack upon them some days ago.

THE PACIFIC SLOPE.

CALIFORNIA.—The cultivation of the quinine tree is to be introduced in this State.

Wheat is arriving in Stockton at the rate of nearly 600 tons per day.

The trout-fishing in the various lakes and streams of the Upper Sierra is reported to be better this year than ever before.

OREGON.—The grain yield of Polk County will be at least one-third larger this year than last.

A new Lodge of Odd Fellows is about to be instituted at Prineville, Ochoco Valley, Wasco County.

It is proposed to widen the streets of the burned district, Portland.

WASHINGTON TERRITORY.—The Walla Walla Statesmen are inclined to doubt their ability to raise \$1,000,000 towards building the proposed Seattle and Walla Walla Railroad.

It is estimated that 100,000 bushels of wheat alone will be produced in Whitman County, this year. Harvesting has just commenced.

The amount of wool already shipped from Walla Walla this season amounts to 152,674 pounds.

FOREIGN.

GREAT BRITAIN.—The Holyhead breakwater at Plymouth, England, was formally opened on the 19th, the Prince of Wales officiating.

Austin Bidwell and confederates in the Bank of England forgery case were arraigned on the 18th.

Six hundred French Imperialists met at Chiselhurst and celebrated the *fete* day of the late Emperor.

It costs London a million dollars annually to water her streets. Now it is proposed to do the work by means of permanently laid pipes.

SPAIN.—The British commander refuses to surrender the insurgent frigates *Victoria* and *Alamaza*. Both are ordered to Gibraltar.

The Carlists say that among the cargo safely delivered to them from the *Deerhound* were 1,750 Berdan rifles.

A battle was recently fought in the open country, between the towns of Berga and Caseras, and resulted in the defeat of the Republicans with a loss of 200 men.

CENTRAL AMERICA.—General Streber has taken the castle of Omoa, in Honduras, by assault.

The capital of San Salvador is being rapidly rebuilt on the site of the earthquake.

Archbishop Espinosa, of Guatemala, has been banished by the Government.

The question of boundaries between Costa Rica and Nicaragua still excites fears of an outbreak.

THE LATE DR. SPRING.

THE death of the Rev. Dr. Gardiner Spring, at the ripe age of eighty-nine years, will revive many religious memories of the metropolis long years ago. Add together the vast labors of his pastorate, compute the influence of his powerful pen, and review, text by text, the brief, practical and convincing lessons of his extended life, and the sum of all will not exceed in lasting remembrance his distinction as the minister, for sixty-three years, of the Old Brick Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Spring was born at Newburyport, Mass., February 24th, 1785, his father being one of the chaplains of the Revolutionary army. At an early age his parents determined to prepare him for the legal profession, and after receiving preliminary instruction in the Grammar School of Newburyport and the office of Chief-Justice Parsons, he entered Yale. Graduating in 1805, he began to read law with Judge Dagget, in New Haven, spending, however, the greater portion of his time teaching. In 1805 he was admitted to the Bar, but soon after abandoned the legal for the ministerial profession. Entering the Theological Seminary at Andover, he applied himself closely to study, and in a year was deemed worthy of a license to preach.

In the Summer of 1810 he accepted a call to labor in the Brick Church, on Beekman Street, and remained at that spot until 1861, when the congregation removed to their new edifice on Murray Hill. Nothing could tempt him to leave that field. Calls, flattering to his supreme qualities as a gentleman and scholar, were extended, but he was immovable.

In 1862 the congregation, with a grateful recognition of his long service, supplied him with an assistant, the Rev. William G. T. Shedd, that his declining years might be as free from burden and anxious care as possible.

Such, in brief, is the account of an influential career. He was emphatically a "teacher of men," always striving to make plain the duties and privileges of the Christian life.

The Brick Church was built in 1767, upon a plot of ground granted by the city, and embracing what is now equal to eight or nine lots. In 1856 it was closed to religious service, and shortly after torn down, to give room for business structures.

THE SHAKERS.

THIS peaceful and respectable body, which is now confined to the United States solely, originated in England about the year 1770, when its founders seceded from the sect known as Friends or Quakers. It now numbers between five and six thousand members, who call themselves, "The United Society of Believers in Christ's Second Appearing." Although, at first, these religionists held the same views as the Quakers, relative to spiritual illumination, giving testimonies, objecting to war, slavery, and the legal oath, etc., they subsequently began to differ widely from them in their theologi-



THE LATE REV. DR. GARDINER SPRING, OF THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

cal creed and in their practices, until, at the present period, the offshoot and the parent stem have no very extraordinary affinity for each other.

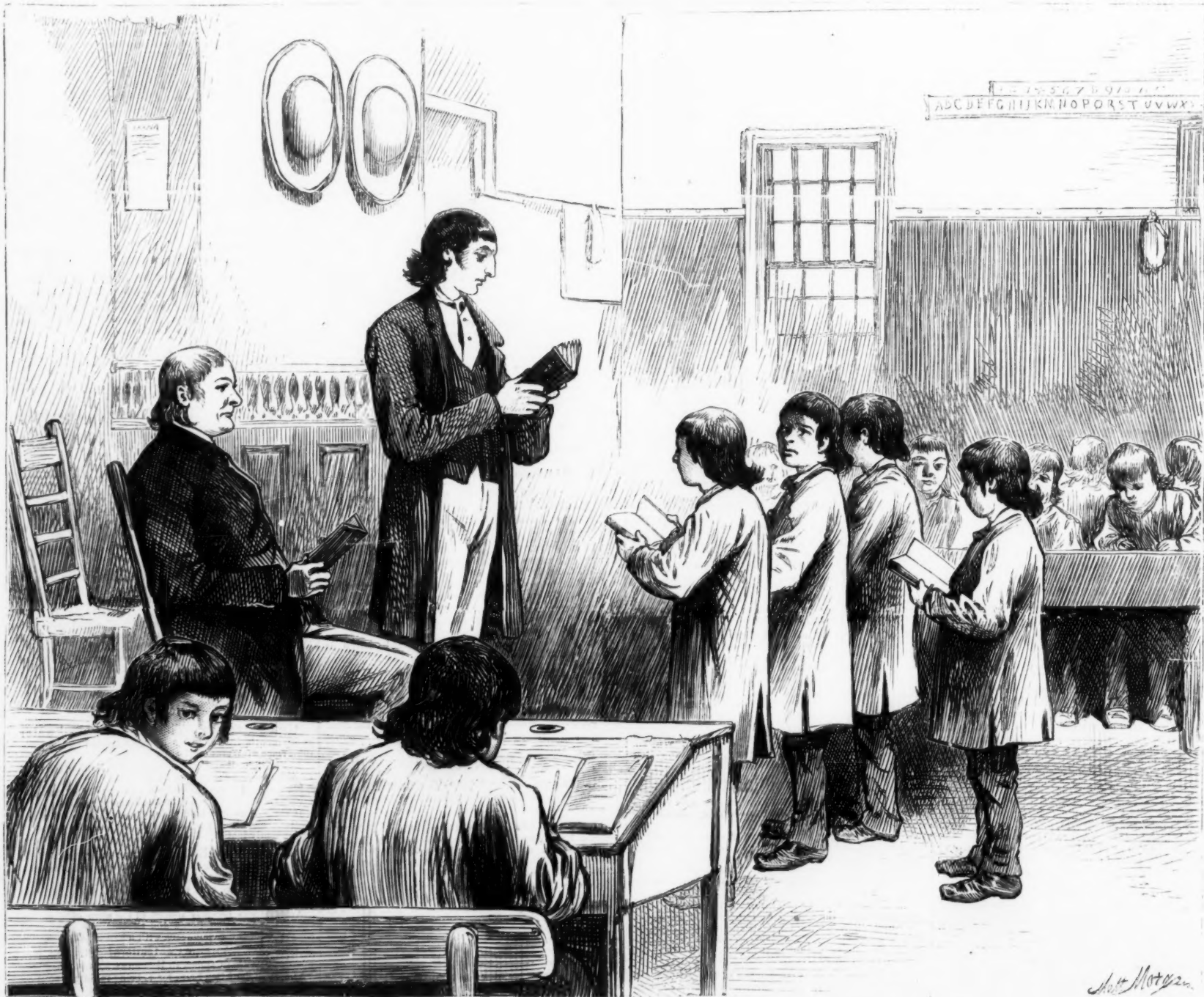
In 1747, some of the Society of Friends, near Manchester, England, formed themselves into a distinct association, under the leadership of Jane and James Wardley. The parents of the celebrated Ann Lee were members of this body, and she herself became one of its adherents in 1758. For several years the small community were remarkable only for greater physical manifestations of their spiritual influences than the Quakers, such as dancing, trembling, speaking with tongues, etc. These demonstrations, which were regarded as impious by the populace as well as by some magistrates and clergymen, led to persecutions and the imprisonment of several members of the little society, among whom were the Wardleys and Ann Lee and her family. In 1770, this singular woman professed to have received through divine favor many special revelations, in virtue of which her followers have ever since given her the name of Mother Ann, and have looked upon her as inspired by the Christ of the female order. In 1774, moved by a revelation,

MOTHER ANN,

several of her relations, and ten of the more prominent members of the association, emigrated to America, reaching New York August 6th. Eight of these ascended the Hudson and settled seven miles from Albany, in the midst of a wilderness. Here they remained struggling for three or four years without any accession to their number, when on the breaking out of a religious excitement at New Lebanon, Columbia County, in this State, some of those who had been most affected upon the occasion visited Mother Ann at Niskayuna, now Watervliet, where they fancied they had found the golden key to all the happiness possible in this sublunary sphere, and where they were soon joined by others, until on the death of Ann, in 1784, the numerical strength of the body was quite respectable.

Mother Ann was the first who broached the idea of a community of property and a unity of households among Shaker families. By way of practicing what she preached, she formed her own little family into a model upon which the general organizations of the whole Order as they now exist have been based. The society embraces various settlements scattered through Massachusetts, New Hampshire, New York, Connecticut, Maine, Ohio, etc. These settlements are composed of from two to eight families or households. A large dwelling-house, divided through the centre by wide halls, and capable of accommodating from thirty to one hundred and fifty inmates, is erected for each family, the male members occupying one end, and the females the other. The societies possess tracts of land sufficiently large to average about seven acres to each member. They regard idleness as most sinful; hence each one of their number who is able to work is employed in some labor.

The result of this admirable theory is absolute perfection in the appearance and the management of all their settlements. Their waving fields of



A SHAKER SCHOOLROOM.

THE SHAKERS OF LEBANON, NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY J. BECKER.

grain, their bright, green pasturage, their orchards, and their gardens filled with flowers and the smaller fruits, etc., are unrivaled in every relation; while their animals and their storehouses are kept superbly and are of the very first order. Every building on Mount Lebanon, no matter what its character, is ventilated thoroughly, and kept scrupulously clean and in order.

In the production of sweetmeats, seeds, plants, and perfumes, as well as some of the more substantial necessities of life, they are not to be excelled. Living a life of celibacy, however, no children are born in their community. Hence the want of sparkle and bubble to the life they lead, however peaceful and serene it may be. One result of this is, they have to draw from outside sources, usually from the families of the poor and industrious, pupils for

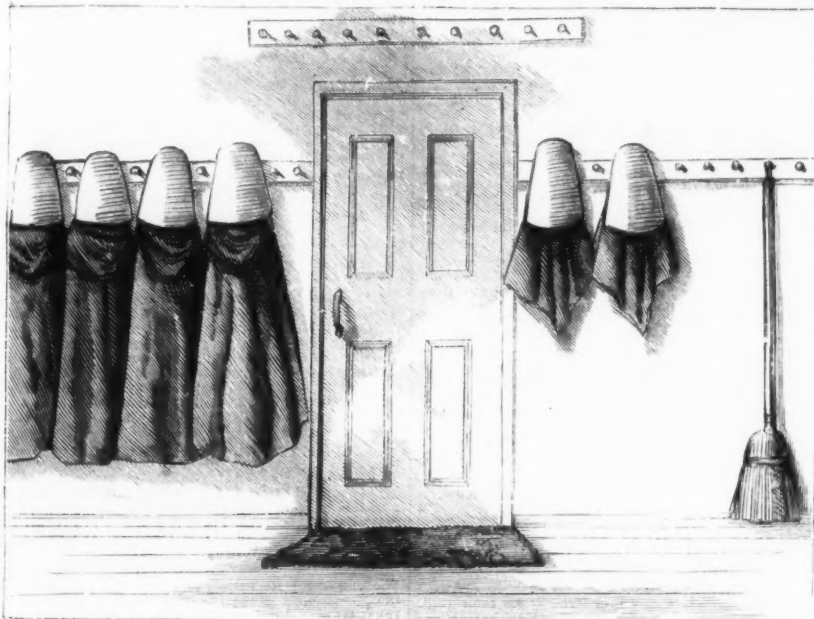
THEIR SCHOOLS, which are most excellent, and supplied abundantly with apparatus and libraries. We give an interior view of the one at New Lebanon, which is impressive from the order and



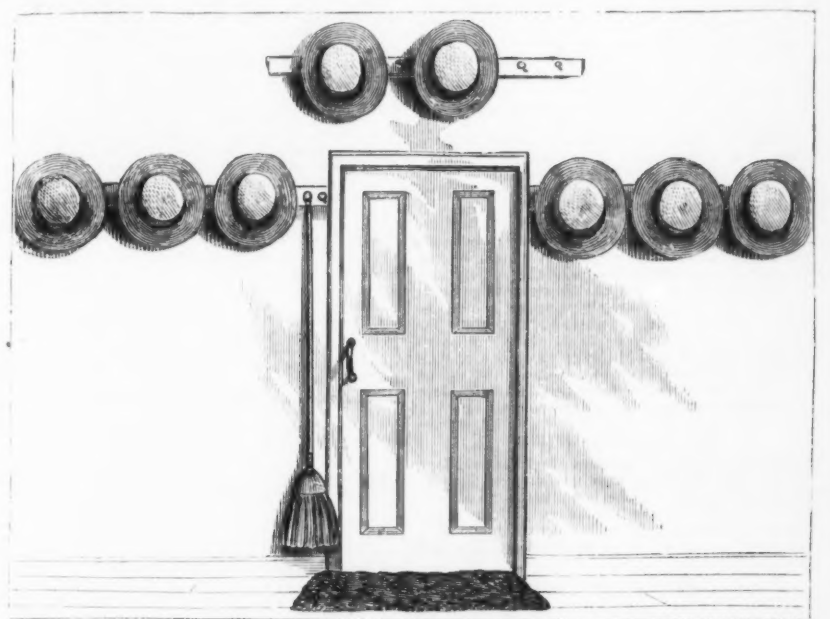
BUSINESS OFFICE OF THE SHAKERS.

discipline that seem to characterize it. Their mode of worship is strange indeed, as in it they exercise the body as well as the soul. The two sexes are usually arranged in ranks facing each other, and about six feet apart. There is frequently a preliminary address by one of the elders, after which a hymn is sung, when they form in circles around a band of male and female singers, and dance in a high state of mental exaltation, and sometimes with such rapidity as to astonish the uninitiated. At such periods they suppose themselves under the immediate influence of spiritual agency, whether that of angels or of some of the departed members of their own community. Their belief is that God is dual, and that there is an eternal Father and Mother in the Deity, whence spring angels and human beings. They presume, in addition, that revelation is progressive, and that Christ also is dual.

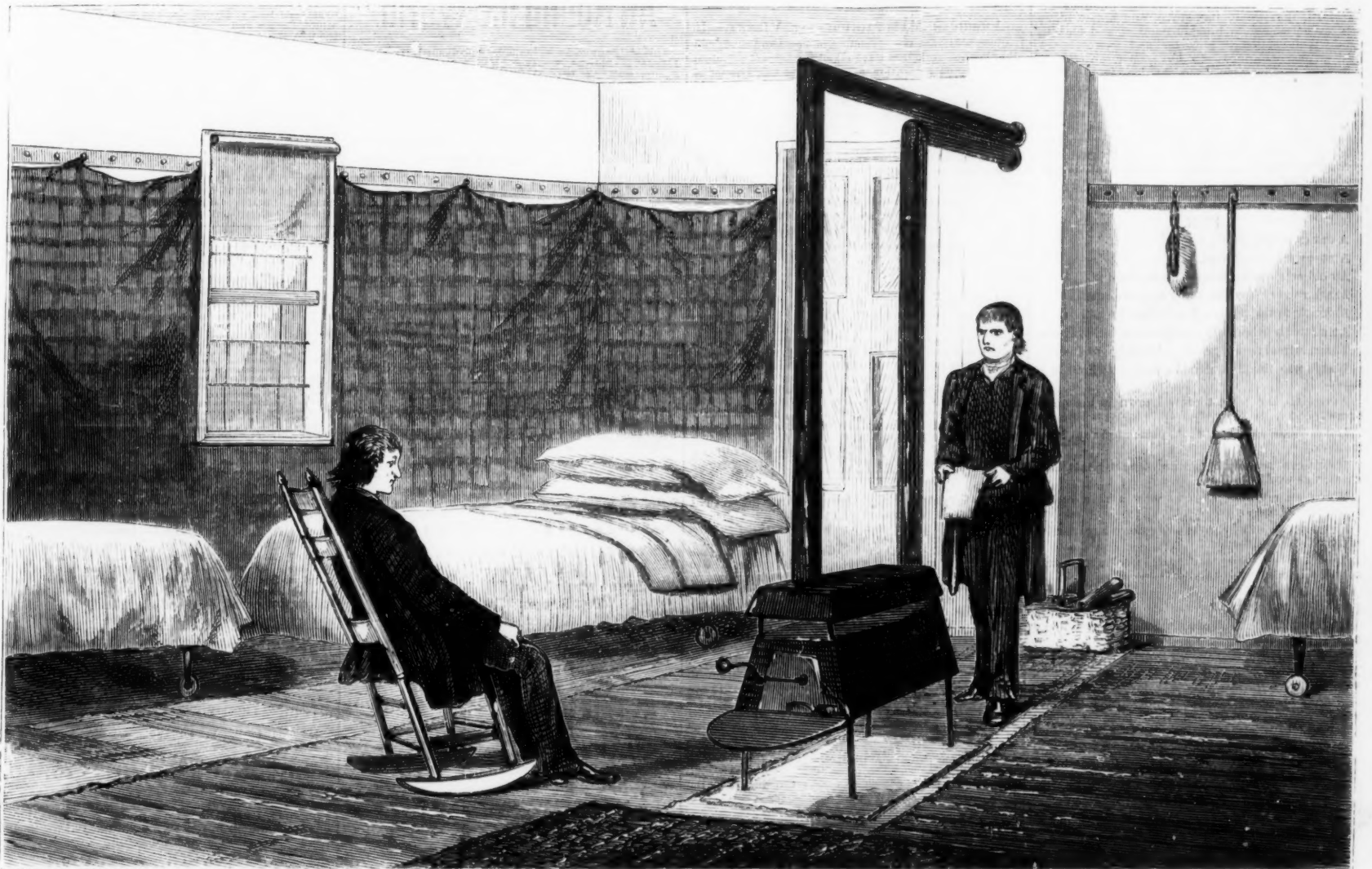
On entering into a union with this people, a convert must withdraw himself from the world, pay off all his debts, discharge all bonds, renounce all contracts, cancel all wills and settlements, and give



ENTRANCE TO THE SHAKER WOMEN'S ROOMS.



ENTRANCE TO THE SHAKER MEN'S ROOMS.



SLEEPING-ROOM OF THE MEN SHAKERS.

THE SHAKERS OF LEBANON, NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY J. BECKER.

up all friends, as though he were parted from them by the grave. He must, in addition, relinquish any special claims to whatever property he may possess, and hand it over to the common fund. The Church is based upon the ideas that, "the kingdom of Christ has come; that Christ has actually appeared on earth; that the personal rule of God has been restored; that the command to increase and multiply has ceased; that the intercourse of heaven and earth has been restored; that the curse of labor has been removed; that the earth and all that is on it will be redeemed; and that angels and spirits have become, as of old, the familiars and ministers of men."

THEIR DRESS.

The dress of the Shakers is unique. The men are attired in a sort of Arab sack, with a linen collar without a necktie, an under-vest buttoned to the throat and falling below the hips, loose trousers, rather short, stout shoes and a broad-brimmed hat, nearly always made of straw. They are generally "grave in aspect, and quite easy in manner." The women are clad in a sack or skirt, dropping in straight lines from the waist to the ankle; a small muslin cap, a white handkerchief wrapped round the chest and shoulders, and shoes and white stockings. They appear to exist in an atmosphere of sweetness and repose, fraught with order, temperance, frugality and religion. The relations between both sexes are simply such as exist between brother and sister, so that the Shaker may be regarded as a monk, and the Shakeress a nun, living totally separate, although under the same roof. The society, whose numbers can never be recruited from its own ranks, would die out ultimately were it not for the influx of converts from without, under Divine guidance as it is alleged. From the mere fact, however, of its adopting celibacy for one of its fundamental principles, the likelihood is, it will never become very numerous in this material age.

IN POLITICS

The Shakers are *nil*. They vote for neither President nor Congressman, believing the offices of both functionaries to belong essentially to the world, and to be, consequently, foreign to their spiritual welfare. Hence they are free from the bickerings and heartburnings which so frequently agitate less fortunate communities. They are, indeed, a peculiar people, and strangers to that restless ambition—that thirst of wealth and fame which has so long marred the happiness of our race.

Of late years they have devoted themselves more generally to agriculture and to manufactures than formerly. The broom business is carried on by all the societies, and with excellent pecuniary results. Their land, as already observed, is cultivated with great care, and everything about their establishments is neat and orderly. This latter may be inferred from the precise manner in which we find the hats of the male members of the society and the cloaks and bonnets of the female arranged outside the entrance to their respective rooms, as shown in two of our illustrations. "A place for everything, and everything in its place," seems to be the motto of the fraternity, and one that is strictly carried out, even to the disposition of the broom that we perceive hung up so formally close to the door of each of these departments. In

THE BUSINESS OFFICE,

a glimpse of which we present also to our readers, we discover the index to a well defined financial system among the brotherhood, although it may differ widely from that which keeps Wall Street and this great metropolis in such constant commotion, and which leads so often to fevered pulses and thorny pillows.

THE SLEEPING-ROOM

(male department) which closes our series for the present, is, as may be seen in our illustration, simple in its arrangements and quite primitive in its aspect. Here we discover no costly hangings, toilets or lounges; nothing but the plain camp-bedstead, the simple box-stove, and a few other articles necessary to homely comfort and cleanliness. Well ventilated, however, and free from the dust of carpeted floors, we have no doubt that in this unpretending apartment the drowsy god exercises his most benign and refreshing influences, and wraps tired labor and a quiet conscience in the sweetest and most refreshing repose. In view of this religious community being possessed of so many excellent traits, as moral and law-abiding citizens, we may refer to this subject again, and give some further illustrations of their habits and mode of life.

FUN.

A CLEAN score—20.
A BOSOM friend—A vest.
AN old established firm—The firmament.
ALMOST every burglar has a coat-of-arms.
ABREAST of the times—A mill-dam breast.
AT a banquet there are always some inn-ovations.
THE universal language—The language of flowers.
WATTS was the first man to find out what's in a name.

AFTER all, the jolliest crew known is the cork-screw.

LEGAL-TENDERS were first circulated by locomotives.

DOVES can get along better without pants than cotes, this weather.

WHEN an editor wishes to view a man on all sides, he interviews him.

QUESTION for ethnologists—Are there any lunatics among the Nomad tribes?

IF strikes continue to prevail, workmen will soon be called price-fighters.

DURING the heated term, sheeted term will also prevail. Blankets are tabooed.

THERE can't be but one cent-iment about penny newspapers—but modesty forbids.

IT seems strange there should be a drought in Massachusetts, with so many men anxious to reign over them.

A BODY of men presided over by a popular foreman say he is like a Turkish river, because "he is the boss for us."

A YOUNG lady of Bennington of a practical turn of mind was invited by an Advent exhorter to get her white robe ready and prepare to ascend. "I can't," she replied; "father and mother are going up, and somebody must stay to see to the cattle."

A LADY of St. Louis lately sent one of her last year's gowns to a starving and ragged pensioner, and mightily congratulated herself upon her charity. Imagine her surprise and pleasure when it was immediately returned, with the sad but heroic statement that it was too full behind for the present style, and wouldn't she take out a breadth and change the trimming?

THE YELLOWSTONE EXPEDITION.

GENERAL ROSSER, in charge of the railroad survey of the Stanley Yellowstone Expedition, has submitted to the authorities of the Northern Pacific Railroad Company in this city his official report of results thus far accomplished by the Expedition. He finds the new and final route across Western Dakota, from Missouri to the Yellowstone River, entirely practicable and satisfactory, it being greatly superior to those of former days. The distance, 205 miles, is 21 miles shorter than the survey of 1871. The gradients are moderate, the average of work per mile is considerably less, the number of important bridges is reduced nearly two-thirds, and the Little Missouri River, which former surveys crossed seven and eleven times, is crossed once on the line so located. The route runs immediately through only one mile of the "bad" or clay lands just east of the Little Missouri. With few exceptions, the country is rolling prairie, sometimes rising into low hills, the grass being excellent and soil good. Good water was found the entire distance. Good outcrops at various points in veins several feet in thickness, and timber is more abundant than on former routes.

The report states that the main body of General Stanley's Expedition accompanied the scientific corps, and most of the Press correspondents did not accompany the engineers who were escorted by General Custar's detachment, but followed the old abandoned route south of Heart River; hence descriptions of the region traversed by the train-command do not apply to the country traversed by the new route for the railroad.

The Directors of the Company have accepted the new line recommended by General Rosser from Bi-marck, the present end of the track, to the Yellow-tone crossing, and have called for proposals to grade and bridge this section of 205 miles.

The expedition is now prosecuting the survey westward up the left bank of the Yellowstone to Pompey's Pillar, where it will join the survey made last year from the West, and thus complete the survey of a line across the Continent. The entire command is expected to return to Fort Rice about October 1st.

Centaur Liniment.

The great discovery of the age. There is no pain which the Centaur Liniment will not relieve. No swelling which it will not subside, and no lameness which it will not cure. This is strong language, but it is true. It is no humbug; the recipe is printed around each bottle. A circular containing certificates of wonderful cures of rheumatism, neuralgia, lock-jaw, sprains, swellings, burns, scalds, caked breasts, poisonous bites, frozen feet, gout, salt-rheum, ear-ache, etc., and the recipe of the Liniment will be sent gratis to any one. It is the most wonderful healing and pain-relieving agent the world has ever produced. It sells as no article ever before did, and it sells because it does just what it pretends to do. One bottle of the Centaur Liniment for animals (yellow wrapper) is worth a hundred dollars for spavined, strained or galled horses and mules, and for screw-worm in sheep. No family or stock-owner can afford to be without Centaur Liniment. Price, 50 cents; large bottles, \$1. J. B. Ross & Co., 53 Broadway, New York.

Castoria is more than a substitute for Castor Oil. It is the only safe article in existence which is sure to regulate the bowels, cure wind-colic and produce natural sleep. It is pleasant to take. Children need not cry and mothers may sleep. 922-47

A GRAND VICTORY OVER EVERY COMPETITOR IN THE WORLD.

The following Cable Dispatch from Vienna will convey the glad intelligence to the world that the "World-renowned Wilson Sewing Machine," has not only taken all of the highest Awards at Fairs and Expositions in the United States, but that it has overwhelmingly defeated every Sewing Machine manufactured in the World, and carried off the first Grand Prize at the Vienna Exposition:

VIENNA, Austria, August 15th, 1873.
To W. G. WILSON, President Wilson Sewing Machine Company, Cleveland, Ohio:

"The Wilson Shuttle Sewing Machine was awarded the Grand Prize at the Vienna Exposition for being the best Sewing Machine."

AMERICAN MANUFACTURES AT VIENNA.—IT

is announced that the specimens of boots and shoes and other leather-work that have taken the highest premium at the Vienna Exposition were stitched on Wheeler & Wilson's New Sewing Machine No. 6, which is adapted to a much wider range of work in leather and cloth than any other machine in existence. When we consider, in this connection, that their Family Sewing Machine was the first introduced into the household for general use, and for more than twenty years has stood unrivaled, we do not wonder that this Company has received, at the World's Exposition, Vienna, 1873, both the Grand Medal for Merit and the Grand Medal for Progress since receiving the highest premiums at former World's Expositions, besides being the only Sewing Machine Company recommended by the International Jury for the Grand Diploma of Honor.

A NOBLE ENTERPRISE.—What a wonderful success has been produced by the Gift Concerts of the Public Library of Kentucky! Since their last drawing, on the 8th of July, they have paid out to their ticket-holders Half a Million of Dollars without defalcation or discount in any instance, and now they propose in December to give away One Million and a Half of money! Their past history proves that this will certainly be done, and who can refuse to take a small risk in so magnificent a gain? Then every ticket-buyer knows that if he is not individually lucky, at least half of his adventure goes to the benefit of the magnificent library, which is as much his own as it is that of every other citizen of the United States. (See advertisement.)

THE Greatest Pain Reliever in the World is DR. TORIAN'S VENETIAN LINIMENT, established over 26 years. Every bottle sold has been warranted to give satisfaction, and not one returned, so the term *humbug* cannot be applied to it. It is perfectly innocent to take internally (see ointment on the pamphlet), it is warranted to cure, when first taken, Cholera, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Croup, Colic and Sea sickness; and, externally, Chronic Rheumatism, Sore Throat, Mumps, Old Sores, Sprains, Bruises, etc.

DEPOT, 10 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

If our readers wish to see all that is elegant and durable in Mantelpieces, let them visit Stewart's State and Marble Showrooms, 220 and 222 West Twenty-Third Street, in this city. It is quite a museum of artistic design, and calculated to give the visitor a very high opinion of the perfection to which this kind of manufacture is now carried. Every person of taste, when entering a drawing-room or library, instinctively rest their eyes on the mantelpiece, where so many little ornaments are deposited, and their opinion is very much guided by the beauty of that part of the material.

We should not suffer from a Cough, which a few doses of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL will cure. Time, comfort, health, are all saved by it.

THE new Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., is only one block from the UNITED STATES MINT.

SHEA, 427 BROOME STREET, COR. Crosby Street, offers now a complete assortment of Spring clothing for men and boys, of fine and medium quality; also, custom clothing, Broadway misfit, etc., 40 per cent less than original cost. No trouble to show goods. 1f

Instead of BITTER use SWEET QUININE. 933-40

IF you want a stylish fitting SUIT OF CLOTHES, go to FLINN, 35 JOHN STREET, New York (late with Freeman & Barry). 925-1f

E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Albums and Celebrated, Photo-Lantern Slides, and Photographic Materials. 1f

The mere accident of seeing a notice of the new Elastic Truss by a ruptured man in some stray newspaper has caused the sufferer to send for a Circular, and changed the whole life of that man from misery to comfort. It is worn with ease night and day till a perfect cure soon comes. It retains the rupture securely at all times, is very durable, and sent by mail everywhere by the Elastic Truss Co., No. 633 Broadway, New York City, who furnish Circulars free.

The best "Elastic Truss" in the world is now sold by Pomeroy & Co., 744 Broadway, New York, for three dollars. Write to them for full particulars.

SILVER TIPPED SHOES

Commend themselves to all sensible parents, as with them their children's shoes will wear three times longer than without.

CABLE SCREW WIRE

Boots and Shoes are not affected by heat, cold, drought or dampness, and therefore commend themselves to all. 933-36

Wedding Cards, No. 302 Broadway. JAMES EVERDELL. Established 1840. 1f



A SINGLE APPLICATION OF BARRY'S PEARL CREAM Brings back to ladies of forty all the lovely CHARMS OF TWENTY. Sold by all druggists, and at the depot, 25 Liberty St., New York. Only 50 Cents per Bottle.

MONTE CRISTO CIGARS

CLEAR HAVANA. EQUAL TO IMPORTED, AT MUCH LESS COST, FOR SALE EVERYWHERE. Wholesale Agency, 161 Maiden Lane. 935-48

The United States Publishing Co.,

Now reorganizing their Bureau of Agencies, are prepared to offer to Canvassers choice of territory for their forthcoming

GRAND PICTORIAL WORK,

"All Round the World."

This large quarto volume is embellished with over EIGHT HUNDRED FINE ENGRAVINGS, costing SIXTY THOUSAND DOLLARS to produce and fully illustrate the text. Agents will find it the Subscription Book of the season. Address, for Territory, Conditions, and Terms:

UNITED STATES PUBLISHING CO., 11 and 13 University Place, N. Y. City

PERFECTION!

BOKER'S BITTERS.

Beware of Counterfeits. 936-46-eow

DEAFNESS AND CATARRH.—A lady, who had suffered for years from Deafness and Catarrh, was cured by a simple Indian Remedy. Her sympathy and gratitude prompt her to send the pre-ise free of charge to any one similarly afflicted. Address, Mrs. M. CLARA LEGGETT, Jersey City, N. J. 936-39

\$72 00 EACH WEEK.

Agents wanted everywhere. Business strictly legitimate. Particulars free. Address, J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

THE CREAM OF GOOD STORIES

IN THIS WEEK'S

Chimney Corner,

NO. 432, READY EVERYWHERE.

"Under a Dove's Wing,"
"Two Men and Two Women,"
"Perdita," "Nell's Diamonds,"

CANNOT BE EXCELLED BY ANY PERIODICAL.

"A THIRTY YEARS' MYSTERY"

AND

"THE WITCH HUNTER"

ARE CONTINUED.

NEW AND ATTRACTIVE SERIALS WILL SOON BEGIN.

Buy this number, and be convinced of its excellence as a Family Journal of Fiction and Fact.

FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, N. Y.

Grandest Scheme Ever Known.

Fourth Grand Gift Concert

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE

Public Library of Kentucky

12,000 CASH GIFTS \$1,500,000

\$250,000 for \$50.

The Fourth Grand Gift Concert authorized by special act of the Legislature for the benefit of the Public Library of Kentucky, will take place in Public Library Hall, at Louisville, Ky.,

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3d, 1873.

Only sixty thousand tickets will be sold. The tickets are divided into ten coupons or parts.

At this concert, which will be the grandest musical display ever witnessed in this country, the unprecedented sum of

\$1,500,000

divided into 12,000 cash gifts, will be distributed by lot among the ticket-holders.

LIST OF GIFTS.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT.....	\$250,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT.....	100,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT.....	50,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT.....	25,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT.....	7,500
10 CASH GIFTS, \$10,000 each.....	100,000
30 CASH GIFTS, 5,000 each.....	150,000
50 CASH GIFTS, 1,000 each.....	50,000
80 CASH GIFTS, 500 each.....	40,000
100 CASH GIFTS, 400 each.....	40,000
150 CASH GIFTS, 300 each.....	45,000
250 CASH GIFTS, 200 each.....	50,000
325 CASH GIFTS, 100 each.....	32,500
11,000 CASH GIFTS, 50 each.....	550,000
TOTAL, 12,000 GIFTS, ALL CASH, amounting to \$1,500,000	

The distribution will be positive, whether all the tickets are sold or not, and the 12,000 gifts all paid in proportion to the tickets sold.

PRICE OF TICKETS.

Whole tickets, \$50; halves, \$25; tenths, or each coupon, \$5; eleven whole tickets for \$500; twenty-two and a half tickets for \$1,000; 113 whole tickets for \$5,000; 227 whole tickets for \$10,000. No discount on less than \$500 worth of tickets at a time.

Tickets now ready for sale, and all orders accompanied by the money promptly filled. Liberal terms given to those who buy to sell again.

THOS. E. BRAMLETTE,

Agent Publ. Libr. Ky., and Manager Gift Concert, Public Library Building, Louisville, Ky.

The Venetian Warbler!

A beautiful little gem, with which any one can imitate perfectly the songs and notes of all the different birds. The Canary, Thrush, Nightingale, Lark, Mocking Bird, etc. The neigh of a Horse, grunt of a Hog, or other animals. Birds and Beasts enchanted and entranced by its wonderful imitations. Ventriloquism learned and a world of fun produced by its use. Mailed postpaid for 25 cents; five for \$1, or twelve for \$2. Address, O. T. Martin, P. O. Box 90, Hoboken, N. J. 1f

AGENTS WANTED FOR THE

UNDEVELOPED WEST OR, FIVE YEARS IN THE TERRITORIES.

By J. H. BEADLE,

WESTERN CORRESPONDENT OF CINCINNATI COMMERCIAL.

The only complete history of that vast region between the Mississippi and the Pacific; its Resources, Climate, Inhabitants, Natural Curiosities, etc., with life and adventure on Prairies, Mountains and the Pacific Coast. Mr. Beadle has spent five years traveling in the new States and Territories, and knows more about their resources, etc., than any other writer. The book is illustrated with over 250 fine engravings of the Scenery, Cities, Lands, Mines, People and Curiosities of the Great West, and is the best and fastest selling book ever published. Send for specimen pages and circulars, with terms. Address, NATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa. 1f



PORTABILITY combined with great power in FIELD, MARINE, TOURISTS', OPERA, and general outdoor day and night double perspective glasses; will show objects distinctly at from two to six miles. Spectacles of the greatest power, to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing result of frequent changes. Catalogue sent by inclosing stamp. SEMMONS, Oculists' Optician, 687 Broadway, N. Y.

SENT, C.O.D., SUBJECT TO EXAMINATION, IF REQUESTED, THE

TARGET AND PISTOL, Hunter's Patent. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL. That the First Premium at the Fair of the American Institute, 1873. From one shooting, shots from five to ten shots, from thirty to seventy feet, with accuracy. Motive power, Air, compressed 150 lbs. per square inch. Cast, iron, hydraulic, and small game not only hit, but killed with it. Made entirely of metal; no wooden or rubber bands. Shows other birds or bullets. Unlike croquet and other popular amusements, it is neither confined to the house or out of doors; it requires no second or third parties to make it interesting; and the merrier it applies to it. Possessing all the fascinating features of archery, it is not so cumbersome. Conforming as neatly as possible to the standard revolver, one can learn with this Pistol, within his own chamber, how to handle deadly weapons with quickness and accuracy, without annoying others with the rattle, dirt, and noise of firearms. Each pistol is put up in a neat box, with two darts, a colored target, and directions. Price, \$1.50, plain, or \$1.00, plated. Sent by Express, C.O.D., and return charge. By mail, on receipt of \$5.00 for the pistol, or \$3.50 for the plated. The 7 shot down extra darts will be sent if the money accompanies the order. Rate darts, \$1.00 per doz. State the Express Co. you wish it sent by.

E. H. HAWLEY,

130 George Street, New Haven, Conn.

SENT FREE {Brainard's New

Catalogue of Selected Popular Music. A mine of information for the Musical. Contains full descriptions of thousands of beautiful pieces of Music, vocal and instrumental. It will be sent Free to any one sending us their address, and stating where they saw this advertisement. Address, S. BRAINARD'S SONS, Music Publishers, Cleveland, O.

Jack Harkaway's Schooldays,

Probably the most popular Boy's Story ever written, will begin in Part I. of

Frank Leslie's Boys of America.

Look out for it. Price 15 cents.

AGRICULTURAL CHEMICALS.

Sulphate of Ammonia, Sulphate of Potash, Sulphate of Soda, Sulphate of Lime, Sulphuric Acid, Nitrate of Soda, Nitrate of Potash, Bi-phosphate of Lime (Acid Phosphate), Phospho-Peruvian Guano, Nitrate, Climax, Superphosphate, and other Standard Fertilizers.

GEO. E. WHITE

936-58 eow 160 FRONT STREET.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED. Samples sent free by mail, with terms to clear from \$5 to \$10 per day. Address, N. H. WHITE, Newark, N. J. 936-59

Frank Leslie's "Lady's Journal" Pattern Department,
298 Broadway, New York.

10m
S.
in
S.
Y.
SUE
Y.
S
CH
ine.
world
ork,
aulty
ility
and
tion.
ine.
CO.
Y.
Y.
izes.
Y.
78.90
E,
len-
cult,
Com.
low
arms
LA
mier
OR.
R,
a.
er.
oted
and
ames
Fun,
etc.
's
ular
'
'
'
Y.